Saturday Review

September 9, 1967 35¢

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED:

THE CHALLENGE OF FEAR

By Alan Paton

"Washington: A Reporter's Memoir," by Tom Wicker (See Communications).

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Seize this occasion to sample the advantages of drinks made with Bourbon.

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In many a good bar, the drinks they mix are mixed with Bourbon. But just to make sure, ask for Bourbon in your next drink.

If you do, we're pretty sure that you'll make every month Bourbon month.

September is Bourbon Month
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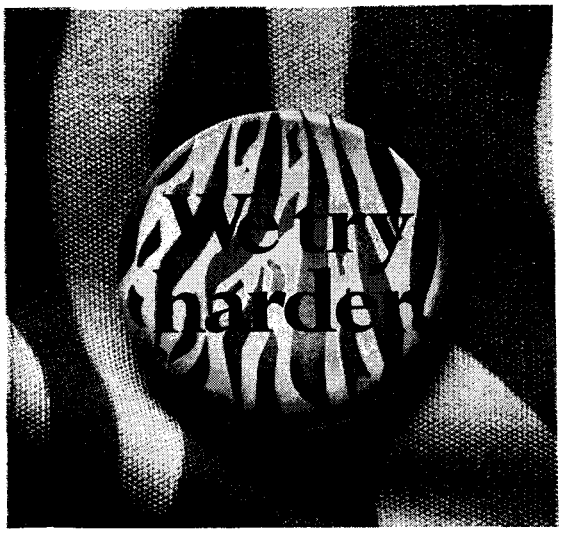
Some Avis buttons aren't meant to be seen.



Military version.

We had to do something about our red and white button.

In news photos showing our GI's wearing it, we noticed that it stood out like a beacon.

Fact is, it could be seen from 100 yards away against a green uniform.

So we camouflaged it.

We have already shipped 30,000 new buttons overseas. And we're getting more requests every day.

It seems that whole battalions have adopted our "We try harder" slogan.

So, even if you've been renting our Plymouths, please don't ask for a camouflaged button for yourself.

Unless you have an APO address.

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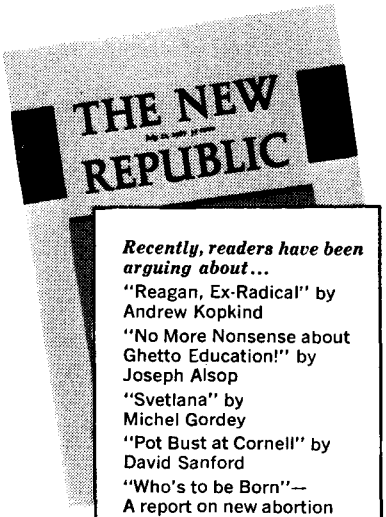

Recently, readers have been arguing about...

"Reagan, Ex-Radical" by Andrew Kopkind

"No More Nonsense about Ghetto Education!" by Joseph Alsop

"Svetlana" by Michel Gordey

"Pot Bust at Cornell" by David Sanford

"Who's to be Born"— A report on new abortion laws by Robert Coles

"Report from Israel" by Alex Campbell

"Patriots on the Campus" by James Ridgeway

"What Hath Dodd Wrought?" by Robert Yoakum

"Vietnam: Study in Ironies" by Reinhold Niebuhr

"Re-examining the Warren Report" by Alexander M. Bickel

and they always look for these regular features...

- TRB's weekly comment on the Washington scene
- Robert Brustein on drama
- Pauline Kael on movies
- Robert Evett on music
- Stanley Kauffmann, critic at large
- Frank Getlein on art
- Osborn, Mauldin, and Feiffer cartoons

Somebody who's *worth* getting mad at!

In today's mass-produced, pre-digested, don't offend-anybody world of instant, constant communications, it's a commodity that gets harder and harder to find.

Our readers sometimes get angry at contributors like Murray Kempton, Edgar Snow, and Reinhold Niebuhr. But they never yawn at them. They don't always escape unscathed from the sharp drawing pens of Bill Mauldin, Jules Feiffer, and Robert Osborn. But they never emerge dripping with sugary ink either. And if you want to see some really outraged responses to drama, movie, and book reviews, take a look at the letters section in nearly any issue.

What are we after? Not just annoyance. The original prospectus of THE NEW REPUBLIC stated that our primary aim "is to start little insurrections in the realm of readers' convictions." It's one reason why Walter Lippmann calls us "a necessary magazine."

And it is certainly why 125,000 subscribers who tend to be opinion-makers themselves (*"Its subscription list reads like a who's who in government,"* reports *Newsweek*) depend on THE NEW REPUBLIC every week for authoritative, fiercely independent opinion and behind-the-scenes political reporting they can get nowhere else.

Most of the time they end up cheering. But some of our angriest readers are among our most loyal subscribers. Join them for a short trial period. See if you don't find us "necessary" too. You have nothing to lose but your temper.

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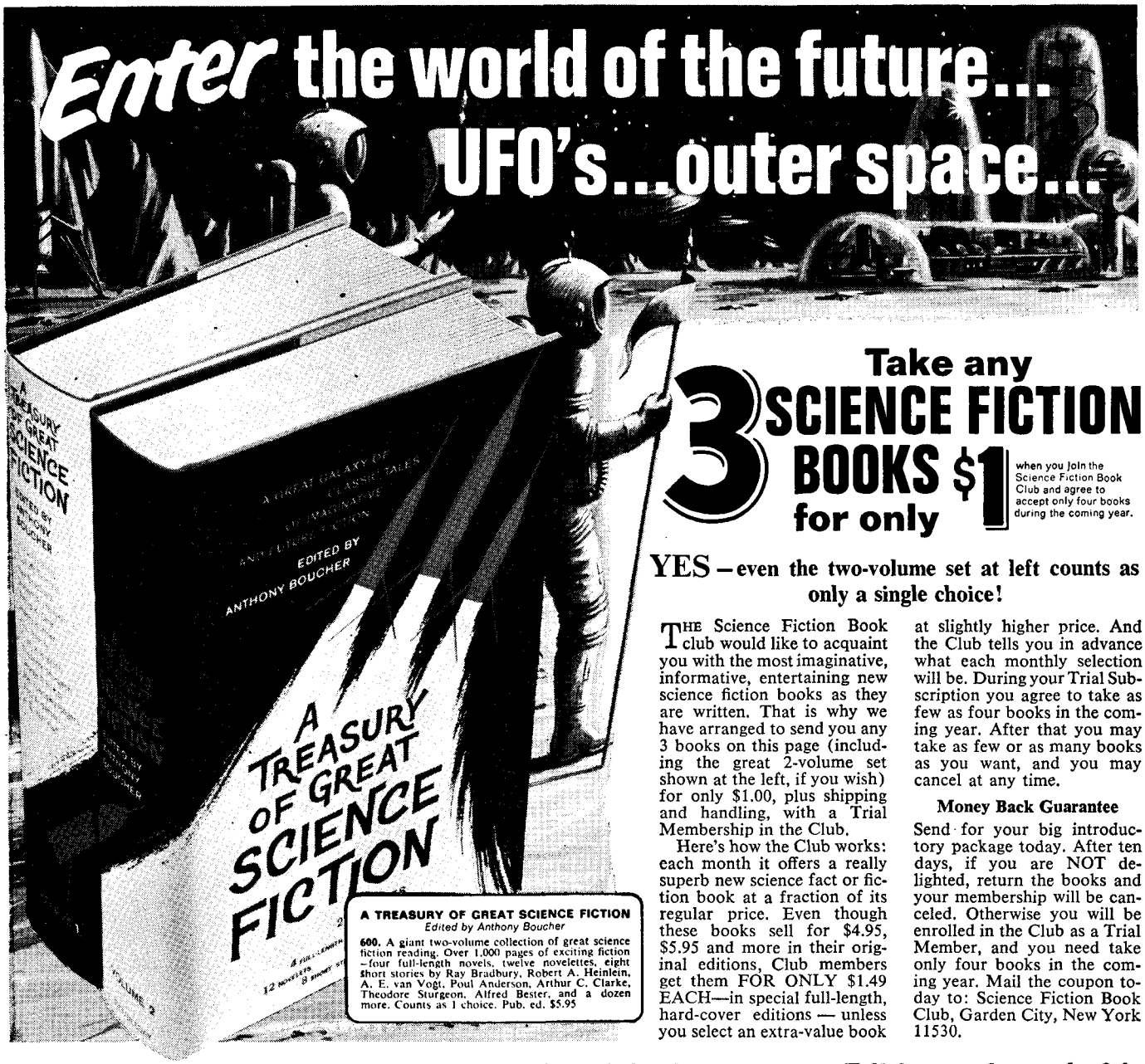

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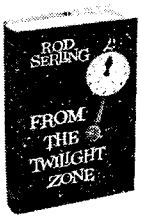

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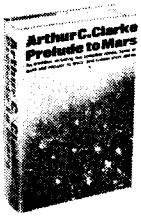

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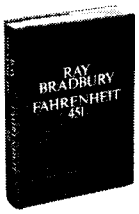

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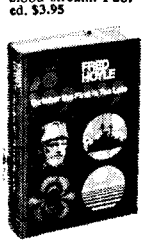

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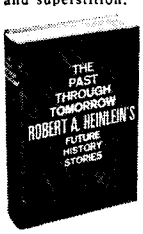

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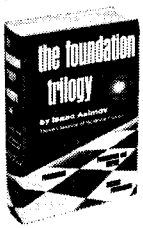

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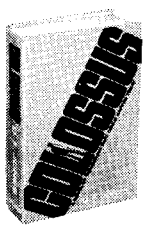

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Memo: Rand

An iron fist in an iron glove
Is Miss Ayn Rand's response to love.
The Rands, I think, were once more pally;
Or so it seemed when I saw Sally.

—PATRICK BUTLER.

A Rose by Any Other Corp.

THERE'S that national company telling us in two-page ads that if it applied its collective genius to nature, it would vastly improve shrubs, trees, and other living things. The current ad says, "If . . . made roses instead of mercury lamps, they'd be six inches across, bloom for three months, and have no thorns."

We have no doubt that the company could do it if it saw a way to sell enough to make more out of roses than out of the devices developed for kitchens and living rooms. But the message leaves out certain essentials regarding modern technology, marketing patterns, and financing.

If an appliance manufacturer made roses that would bloom for three months, he would come to see that he would have to make consumers want new roses even before their old ones withered. His advertising would lead the public to look on red roses as out of fashion after one month; men would have to buy white roses to keep women happy, even though the houses were filled with red ones. A competitor would come out with roses 10 inches across, good for five months.

Then an intuitive flash would strike the market analysts in both companies. Having observed that roses were lasting so long that new ones were piling up in cooling rooms, unsold, in spite of big promotional campaigns, management would send the technicians back to the labs. Soon there would appear the new, improved model. It would be as big as the first one, and there would be no thorns. And it would have obsolescence built in. It would last no longer than an evening; it would look fine up to the eighth hour. Then it would suddenly collapse. And though you could get parts for it at the service store, you would find that it would be cheaper to get another, counting your time and travel costs.

The competitor's roses, as consumer reports would explain it, tested out as really no bigger than those of the pioneer company. The researchers found that one company measured the rose north and south and east and west and took an average, while the other took the bigger width, without averaging.

If appliance manufacturers made roses, they'd be sold in department stores, discount houses, and drug stores. A long time after production had ended on the first models, some of them would be available at Goodwill, the Economy Store, St. Vincent de Paul, and the Salvation Army. You could get a pretty good bargain at a secondhand store on used roses, if you got there before they were picked over.

But you wouldn't expect to use parts from an old six-month rose to get an eight-hour rose back in shape. If appliance manufacturers made roses, they'd make sure the parts of the old ones wouldn't fit the new ones.

—DENZIL WALTERS.

The Bloom Boom

Duo-Pianists

At two pianos, two pianists
Play something of Beethoven's, Mozart's, or Liszt's.
They glance at each other and then, with a nod,
Come down on the keyboard. It's really quite odd
How the two then keep banging and thumping together
As if they are tied by a musical tether.
With trills and cadenzas all synchronized nicely
And sounds coming forth doubly singly or twicely,
They manage to prove, when triumphantly done,
That two can make music more loudly than one.

—RICHARD ARMOUR.

The Interjection

FIFTY years ago, more or less, in the public schools of the City of New York, they hammered *grammar* into our eager, receptive little heads, and the hammer was what is now, if you have a first edition, unquestionably a collector's item: *Maxwell's Elementary Grammar*, by William A. Maxwell, M.A., LL.D., City Superintendent of Schools, City of New York.

Thanks to a recent find at a charity bazaar—and it was with joy that we pounced upon that little volume, in mint condition—we are now, in our not-yet-doddering old age, renewing acquaintance with Dr. Maxwell.

Our lesson for today is on THE IN-

Caswell-Massey was making great men's colognes in 1776.

But our most Revolutionary one is just two years old.

Its name is Tricorn. Its inspiration—those particularly persuasive sandalwood scents prized by colonial gentlemen. Hand blending imparts a subtlety rare amongst contemporary colognes. Quite an asset in your struggle for independence.

Cologne & After Shave from $4 plus tax; Toilet Water from $10.

Now available at fine stores, including Maison Blanche, New Orleans, La.

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The beautiful putdown.

"Ladies and gentlemen, kindly fasten your seat belts as we are now about to land at London Airport twenty miles per hour slower than any other transatlantic jet."

Perhaps we should amend the landing announcement we ordinarily make when we're bringing in one of our VC 10's. After all, the VC 10 is no ordinary jet.

It's able to approach the runway at a slower rate of descent because of its uncanny ability to glide. Ten big, low pressure tires prevent any bounce when VC 10 meets ground. Then four massive thrust reversers turn 90,000 pounds of acceleration into 90,000 pounds of firm but gentle braking power.

This easy-does-it landing is merely one aspect of the serenity you experience in a VC 10.

The Economy Class seat is more like an armchair. There's lots of extra leg-room and cushioning that conforms to the contours of your body.

A new kind of pressure control system eliminates any discomfort to your ears and stuffiness in the cabin.

Because its giant Rolls-Royce Conway engines are back by the tail, all the jet noises are gone with the wind.

And those rear engines leave the wings clean and uncluttered for greater lift. So the VC 10 is able to get off the ground and into the blue 25% quicker than an ordinary jet.

If you're headed for Britain or down to the Islands (Bermuda, Nassau, Freeport, Jamaica, Antigua*, Barbados*) and would like a nice lift en route, take the world's most advanced commercial jet.

Have your Travel Agent put you down for a seat on the BOAC VC 10.

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*Service starts Dec. 10. British Overseas Airways Corporation has offices in principal cities.

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TERJECTION, and we present herewith, should you care to join us, the following Exercise, see page 49:

EXERCISE 41.—Fill the blanks with appropriate interjections selected from the following list:

Oh!	Help!	Hem!
Ah!	Hark!	What!
Lo!	Ha, ha!	Eh!
Fie!	Look!	Behold!
How!	Bang!	Huzza!
Why!	Hello!	Bosh!
See!	Indeed!	Hey!
Good-bye!	Hurrah!	Run!
Stop!	Well!	There!
Pshaw!	Come!	Dear me!
Alas!	Pop!	Shame!
Pooh-pooh!	Mum!	O dear!

1. ____! what a noise you make!
2. ____! ____! the procession is coming.
3. ____! how did you get here?
4. ____! you can not frighten me.
5. ____! come again.
6. ____! aren't you ashamed of yourself?
7. ____! did you hear that?
8. ____! ____! went the pistol.
9. ____! I am so tired.
10. ____! tomorrow is a holiday.
11. ____! what has happened now?
12. ____! ____! the watchdogs bark.
13. ____! ____! the house is afire!
14. ____! you are hurting me!
15. ____! what a funny boy you are.
16. ____! ____! are these all the berries you picked?
17. Where is my mamma? ____! I'm lost!
18. ____! it's time to get up.
19. Where, ____! where is that mischievous boy?
20. ____! I knew you could not do it.

Tomorrow's lesson will be on THE CONJUGATION, and if you pay attention you will learn, among other things, on pages 147-148, that the second person singular, INDICATIVE MODE, of the verb "be" is as follows: Thou art, Thou wast, Thou wilt be, Thou hast been, Thou hadst been, Thou wilt have been.

—ROMNEY STONE.

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The Dull Boy Who Became A Prodigy

• In 1799, an obscure Austrian clergyman, Karl Witte, told a group of skeptical friends: "If God grant me a son, I shall educate him to be a superior man — without knowing what his aptitudes may be."

• Soon, a son was born but showed little promise. The boy's own mother thought him dull. Yet by the time young Karl was six, his father's efforts seemed to be working. At age 9, he entered the University of Leipzig. At 14, he received his Ph.D.; at 23, he became a Professor and went on to a long and brilliant career.

• In Ireland, a man named Thompson heard of Witte's methods and applied them to his own sons. One became a celebrated engineer; the other became one of the world's great physicists, Lord Kelvin.

• Early in this century, Leo Wiener — rummaging in the back of a New England library — found a German book describing Witte's methods. He, too, applied them to a young son. The result: Norbert Wiener — one of the greatest mathematicians of all time, sometimes known as "the father of Automation."

• Now, these same extraordinary child-development methods are available to all parents in the new book described below.

How to give your child a superior mind

A remarkable new book tells how you can add as much as 30 points to your child's effective I.Q. . . . how you can help him move ahead in school and be more successful in an education-conscious world.

MAIL THE COUPON below and the publishers will send you a copy of GIVE YOUR CHILD A SUPERIOR MIND for free home trial. Properly used, this new book can help your child achieve the kind of success in school and in later life which, right now, you probably do not think is possible.

For example, before your child is five years old, this book will help him (or her) read 150 words a minute . . . add, subtract, multiply and divide . . . understand fractions and simple algebra . . . even handle abstract concepts and interpret them creatively.

Best of all, your child can achieve this early success without being pushed and without interference with a happy, normal, well-adjusted childhood.

WAYNE MILLER

Today they're playing word games.
Before he's five, he can be reading 150 words a minute.

Why a book like this is so badly needed

Today, schools are giving fast-learners every chance to move ahead to more interesting work. Meanwhile, other youngsters (who could be fast learners) are being crowded into "slow" classes — losing precious time they'll never regain — simply because no one ever took the time to develop their abilities early.

That's why — a few years ago — two well-known child-development experts, Siegfried and Therese Engelmann, decided to bring the successful ideas of Karl Witte up to date. When they tried out their methods on children of average intelligence, the results were nothing short of thrilling.

Now, they have written a book describing these methods. GIVE YOUR CHILD A SUPERIOR MIND provides a planned program of home instruction that any parent can start using immediately. It will enable you to do for your child what Karl Witte, over 100 years ago, did for his "dull boy who became a prodigy." You will learn:

1. How to teach your child to read. The secret is knowing how to take advantage of your child's natural hunger for words: Games to teach the alphabet. 11 basic rules that make book reading easy. How to anticipate mistakes, correct them smoothly. How to encourage spare-time reading.

2. How to help your child streak ahead in Math. Here is where simple pre-training can have the most dramatic results . . . especially when it's explained in the simple everyday terms of a child's world. For example, if your child has ever seen you break an egg, he has taken the first step to understanding algebra. Before Age 5 he can learn addition, subtraction, multiplication, fractions, basic algebra, division. And it will be fun for both of you.

3. How to give your child the power of abstract reasoning. Understanding abstract concepts frees your child from the dull grind of rote learning. It enables him to express sophisticated ideas far beyond his years . . . and develop what will eventually be his most priceless possession — *clear, original thinking.*

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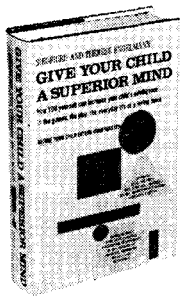

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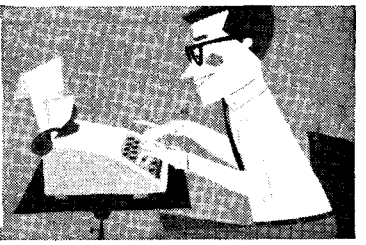
Top of My Head



The $10,000-a-Year Man

ONE DAY the President asked Lady Bird a question:

"How are you managing your household expenses on the allowance I give you, Lady Bird?" he asked.

"Well," Mrs. Johnson replied, "your allowance is a Little Bit out of Joint, LBJ. It isn't easy, but I manage."

"What do you do?" the President wanted to know.

"Well, when I'm running short I cut out desserts or soup courses, and then I borrow a little from Lynda, who has that nice job at *McCall's*. All this cutting and borrowing is very taxing and none of it is pleasant."

"Hey!" the President said, going to his notebook, "That gives me an idea for my speech to the press next week."

And so it came to pass that the President stood before a blackboard in the Fish Room (how apropos) and gave a chalk talk to the reporters, briefing them on how he planned to cut the national deficit.

To handle a big deficit, he said, he intended to cut the expenses of part of the social programs, borrow part of what is needed, and tax the citizens for the rest of it.

"Cut, tax, and borrow," the President was quoted. "None of it is pleasant."

And thus we are faced with a proposed 10 per cent surtax. And, as always when there is a hike in taxes, Presidents have a habit of explaining how the extra bite will affect the average head of a family of four whose income is $10,000 a year.

A family of four with an income of $10,000, the President explained on the blackboard, which now ordinarily pays a tax of about $1,100, will have to pay, at most, an added tax of $9.25 a month. This comes to $111 a year, but it is more palatable when you figure it in months, and sounds even more like chicken feed when you figure it's about 30 cents a day.

To learn how palatable this is to that mythical man who has a wife and two children and whose income is $10,000 a year, I went to interview him.

It was a Saturday morning and I found him in shirtsleeves mowing his lawn, which is a patch of grass around a litter basket in front of the twelve-story, eighty-eight-unit apartment on the street where he lives.

"What are you?" he wanted to know. "From *Candid Camera*?"

I assured him I wasn't. I said the President had been talking about him in his speech to raise taxes.

I said, "You're the average man he was talking about who makes $10,000 a year."

"Who makes $10,000 a year? Look, buddy boy, after withholding for federal tax, state tax, city tax, and Social Security, I'm lucky to wind up with $8,412.82. And I have a hard enough time to break even on that."

"Well, now it's going to be $111 more with this new surtax. What are you going to do about that?"

"When the man says you owe it, you pay it. What am I gonna do, go to jail?"

"How will you manage to pay it?"

"How? I'm gonna cut, I'm gonna borrow, and pay my taxes."

"What are you gonna cut?"

"Well, we pitch in, like any average family of four. I just cut out the thing I like best in the world. Bowling two nights a week. My two kids have already cut out haircuts."

"Your two sons?"

"With no haircuts, who knows? I hope so. And my wife's been nagging me to get a color TV set. Who needs color TV? I keep telling her. 'You can believe it when you see it in black and white.'"

"Well, with those cuts you should be able to pay the surtax quite easily."

"Says who? But don't get me wrong, doc. I'm an average head of a family of four who doesn't mind paying taxes to his average country. I have a plan."

"What is the plan?"

"Planned parenthood. Ever hear of that?"

"Certainly. It's the plan to cut down on large families. Is that it?"

"*Au contraire*," he said, "I gotta get out of this high-tax bracket of $10,000 a year they got me in. We're gonna get into a lower bracket."

"How do you do that?"

"Planned parenthood. We figured it out—my wife and me. We put our heads together, and if we're lucky she should be expecting by the time the next tax day rolls around."

"Spoken like a dedicated citizen," I said as I left.

"Like a dedicated bowler!" he shouted after me.

—Goodman Ace.

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If you can answer yes to most of the above, you are a member of that small but influential group of taste-makers who set the cultural trends of the nation. And you are precisely the kind of person for whom a fantastic new magazine called **Avant-Garde** is edited. **Avant-Garde** is not for everyone.

As its name implies, **Avant-Garde** will be a forward-directed, daring, and wildly hedonistic magazine. It will report on every aspect of the ebullient new life style now emerging in America, and it will do so with no put-ons and no inhibitions.

The pages of **Avant-Garde** will explode with biting satire, incisive profiles, audacious reportage, lush graphic art, consciousness-expanding fiction, and poetry that *speaks*. **Avant-Garde** will cover Art, Politics, Science, and every other subject of interest to readers of superior intelligence and cultivated taste. It will be a bimonthly of:

–*beauty*, bringing to graphic art a transcendental new kind of high;

–*truth*, eschewing platitudes and really telling it like it is; and

–*love*, unabashedly reveling in the One Universal Ultimate Good.

In short, **Avant-Garde** will be a hip, joyous, beautiful new magazine. It will be the *voice* of the Turned-On Generation.

Perhaps the best way to describe **Avant-Garde** for you is to list the kinds of articles it will print:

The Dead-Serious Movement to Run Allen Ginsberg for Congress

Homage to Muhammad Ali–Praise from 35 celebrities (including Marlon Brando, Jackie Robinson, and Woody Allen).

Coming: Synthetic (and Therefore Legal) Marijuana

Radio Free America–A professor's plan (already in motion) to establish a pirate radio station off the coast of California.

The "Bust" of Charlotte Moorman–The gifted young cellist describes her arrest for giving a concert hall recital "topless."

The CIA's Super-Salaried "Super-Spook"–An exposé of an operative who is paid $1 million a year to fink for Big Brother.

The Intellectual Companions of Jacqueline Kennedy

Bob Dylan's Suppressed–and Pithiest–Song Lyrics

Salvador Dali: A New Dimension in Erotic Art–Drawings created especially to celebrate the launching of **Avant-Garde.**

George Romney's Bizarre Religious Beliefs

Toward the Elimination of War–A little-known exchange of correspondence between Einstein and Freud.

Understanding Zowie–A glossary of Switched-On Generation jargon.

The Fugs–New York's most way-out electronic raga-rock nerve-thrill company.

A Gastronomical Guide to the Year 2000

The Writing on the Wall–The emergence of graffiti as a medium of social protest.

Move Over, Lady Chatterley–A preview of several erotic classics soon to be published in this country for the first time.

The Prison Poems of Ho Chi Minh

Mixed-Media Art: The Pop World's Newest "Scrambled Oeuvre"

My Love for You Is Stronger than Dirt–The Madison Avenue dating scene as observed by Dan ("How to be a Jewish Mother") Greenburg.

Poets at War–Bitter anti-war verse by GI's in Vietnam.

John Lennon as a Master of Prose

Ingenious–and Perfectly Legal–New Ways Around Abortion Laws

Everett Dirksen as "The Wizard of Ooze"–A Pop Impression.

The Emergence of Abstract Expressionist Journalism–As exemplified by the **L.A. Free Press, N.Y. East Village Other,** and **Berkeley Barb.**

Group Psychotherapy on TV

Aubrey Beardsley's Suppressed Erotic Works–A portfolio.

A Geneticist's Plea for State-Sponsored Breeding of Supermen

Pornographic Film Festivals at Lincoln Center by 1970–Predictions by an underground filmmaker.

In sum, **Avant-Garde** will be a feast of gourmet food-for-thought prepared by the avant-garde for the avant-garde. It will be the quintessence of intellectual sophistication.

The creative director of **Avant-Garde** is one of the most fertile minds in American publishing today: Herb Lubalin, the country's foremost art director (it was he who designed the elegant–and cruelly suppressed–quarterly *Eros*). In addition, the staff of **Avant-Garde** includes several of the most gifted artists, writers, and photographers of our time.

In format, **Avant-Garde** will more closely resemble an expensive art folio than a magazine. It will be printed by costly offset lithography on the finest antique and coated papers. It will be bound in 12-point Frankote boards. It will carry *no advertising whatsoever*.

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If you will enter your subscription *right now*–before **Avant-Garde**'s first issue is sold out–we will send you a whole year for *only $5*. This is *half price!*

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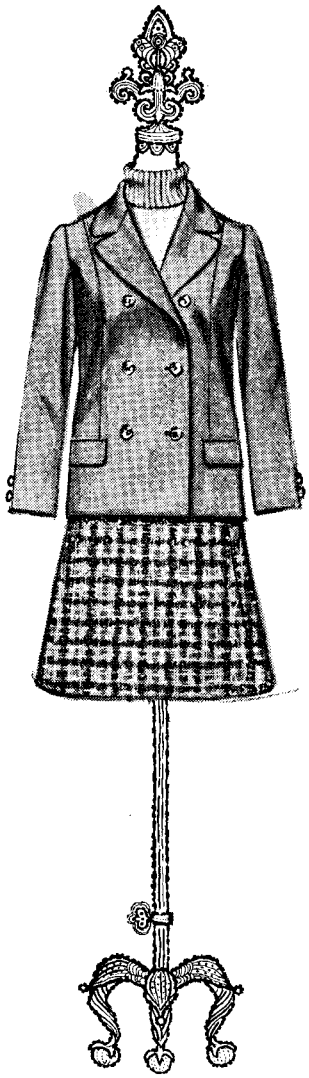

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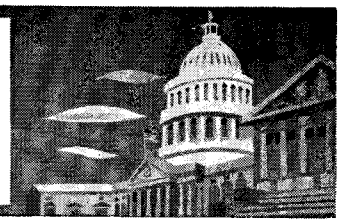
State of Affairs



Student Movement, German Style

ZURICH.

THERE is a feeling of dissatisfaction among the students in Germany which has many similarities with that rampant on American university campuses. Any differences are due to national character and tradition, and it is for this reason, perhaps, that the developments at the German universities are more perturbing than those in the United States.

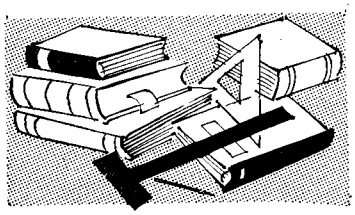
Just as the Berkeley campus of the University of California took the lead in the United States, the spearhead of the new student movement is the Free University of Berlin. The equivalent to the American New Left is the German Socialist Student Union. Both groups are in rebellion against the economic abuses and political complacency of the "Affluent Society," and they resent, respectively, the Democratic party and the German Socialist party, whose offshoots they are. Neither the American nor the German group has a clearly defined program; both are primarily protest movements against the existing order. The German student movement, the SDS, is more organized; it has a headquarters and leaders. The American New Left has no organization, no headquarters, no leaders—especially now that Mario Savio is gone from Berkeley.

The SDS has its headquarters outside the university grounds; its members are more militant, more eager to carry their fight into the streets. They are involved in more searching debates about the best road to socialism, and there are also hints that they would like to make common cause with the workers, though not with the labor unions, which they consider as much part of the Establishment as the two leading political parties, the Christian Socialist Union and the Socialists. These organizations, they maintain, are being manipulated by professional politicians from the top, and their leadership no longer reflects the aims and wishes of the rank and file—just as the New Left believes that the liberals in the Democratic party have sold out to the leadership and have ceased to be a force for progress, or a powerhouse for new ideas.

The SDS sees the two leading German parties as opportunistic and bureaucratic and their leadership as more interested in their jobs and careers than in the interests of the voters they are supposed to represent. They consider them too bourgeois, although most of the SDS members, not unlike the promoters of the American New Left, come from middle-class or upper middle-class families. They are children of the Affluent Society who don't know what it means to be hungry or to fight in order to subsist.

The basic outlook of the SDS groups is essentially Marxist, though they are uncertain whether to follow the teachings of Lenin, Trotsky, Tito, Mao, Castro, or Ho Chi Minh. There is only one Communist they abhor—Walter Ulbricht, the leader of East Germany. They are also united in their opposition to the war in Vietnam.

The membership of the SDS remains small, about 3 per cent of the student population. Only 20 per cent of the students are interested in political questions generally, but there are many more who broadly agree with the rising criticism of German society, and who believe that the university curriculum is outdated and that the administration of the universities should be "democratized." This reform movement seems to run into greater resistance in Germany than in the United States. I remember attending a meeting of the Academic Senate on the Berkeley campus earlier this year which went a considerable way toward meeting the students' demands for closer consultations between them and the faculty. There was also a greater willingness to make some concessions about the curriculum. At least one or two new courses, chosen by students and dealing with contemporary political problems were introduced. The resistance to reform at German universities



is greater than in the United States, and so is the suspicion that what the reformers really want is to turn the university into a political institution.

The majority of the Germans in West Germany are middle-of-the-roaders. They are afraid of extremism, more so of that from the left than from the right.

(*Continued on page* 46)

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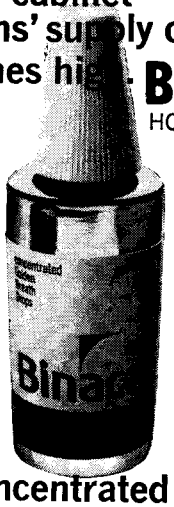

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SR's Check List of the Week's New Books

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DIAMONDS BID. By Julian Rathbone. Walker. $3.95.

THE 14TH AGENT. By David C. Cooke. Dodd, Mead. $4.95.

HELL GATE. By James Dawson. McKay. $4.95.

LIE DOWN, I WANT TO TALK TO YOU. By William P. McGivern. Dodd, Mead. $4.95.

MURDER AGAINST THE GRAIN. By Emma Lathen. Macmillan. $4.50.

THE PLEASANT GROVE MURDERS. By John Holbrook Vance. Bobbs-Merrill. $3.95.

THE ROCHEMER HAG. By Louise W. King. Doubleday. $3.95.

SKYPROBE: A Commander Shaw Novel. By Philip McCutchan. John Day. $3.95.

THE SEASON TO BE WARY. By Rod Serling. Little, Brown. $5.95.

THIRD GIRL. By Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead. $4.50.

Fiction

THE BANANA MEN. By Max Catto. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

BEASTS WITH MUSIC. By Jeanne Williams. Meredith. $5.95.

THE END OF THE ROAD. By John Barth. Doubleday. $4.95. (Revised edition.)

GOG. By Andrew Sinclair. Macmillan. $6.95.

A HUSBAND IN BOARDING SCHOOL. By Giovanni Guareschi. Farrar, Straus & Giroux. $4.50.

I'LL STORM HELL: A Biographical Novel of 'Mad Anthony' Wayne. By Noel B. Gerson. Doubleday. $4.95.

A KILLING FOR THE HAWKS. By Frederick E. Smith. McKay. $4.50.

A MERMAID IN NIKOLI. By William Woods. Hill &Wang. $4.95.

THE MISCHIANZA. By Henry Misrock. Macmillan. $4.95.

NEBULA AWARD STORIES: Two. Edited by Brian W. Aldiss and Harry Harrison. Doubleday. $4.95.

THE PUZZLEHEADED GIRL. By Christina Stead. Holt, Rinehart & Winston. $6.95.

THE SAVAGES. By Ronald Hardy. Putnam. $5.95.

THE TECHNICOLOR TIME MACHINE. By Harry Harrison. Doubleday. $3.95.

THE TREASURE OF SIERRA MADRE. By B. Traven. Hill & Wang. $6.50. (Reissue.)

History

BACK TO BACK: The Duel Between FDR and the Supreme Court. By Leonard Baker. Macmillan. $6.95.

THE FATE OF THE REVOLUTION: Interpretations of Soviet History. By Walter Laqueur. Macmillan. $5.95.

VICTORIAN MILITARY CAMPAIGNS. Edited by Brian Bond. Praeger. $7.95.

International Affairs

CHINA LOOKS AT THE WORLD: Reflections for a Dialogue; Eight Letters to T'ang-lin. By F. Geoffroy-Dechaume. Pantheon. $4.95.

PROFILE OF EAST GERMANY. Edited by Lex Hornsby. Barnes. $5.

VIETNAM. By Mary McCarthy. Harcourt, Brace & World. Paperback, $1.95.

WAR CRIMES IN VIETNAM. By Bertrand Russell. Monthly Review. $4.

Literary History, Criticism

JOHN DONNE: Conservative Revolutionary. By N. J. C. Andreasen. Princeton Univ. Press. $6.95.

THE REDISCOVERY OF AMERICAN LITERATURE: Premises of Critical Taste, 1900-1940. By Richard Ruland. Harvard Univ. Press. $6.95.

SIEGFRIED SASSOON: A Critical Study. By Michael Thorpe. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.50.

Miscellany

CLEVELAND: The Best Kept Secret. By George E. Condon. Doubleday. $5.95.

CREATIVE LIVING FOR TODAY. By Maxwell Maltz, M.D. Trident. $4.95.

NBC NEWS PICTURE BOOK OF THE YEAR: 1967; Events of 1966. Edited by Ben Grauer. Crown. $10.

OUT OF THE LABYRINTH: Essays in Clarification. By Erich Kahler. Braziller. $6.

TIKOPIA RITUAL AND BELIEF. By Raymond Firth. Beacon Press. $12.50.

THE WRECK OF THE TORREY CANYON. By Crispin Gill, Frank Booker, and Tony Soper. Taplinger. $4.50.

Personal History

AARON BURR. By Herbert S. Parmet and Marie B. Hecht. Macmillan. $8.95.

FRIENDS NOT MASTERS. By Mohammad Ayub Khan, President of Pakistan. Oxford Univ. Press. $7.50.

GANDHI'S EMISSARY. By Sudhir Ghosh. Houghton Mifflin. $6.

MYSELF. By Sylvia Ashton-Warner. Simon & Schuster. $4.95.

Political Science

THE FUTURE OF CAPITALISM. By the National Industrial Conference Board. Macmillan. $6.95.

THE REPUBLICAN PARTY 1854-1966. By George H. Mayer. Oxford Univ. Press. $9.75. (Second edition.)

Religion, Philosophy

COME SWEET DEATH: A Quintet from Genesis. By B. D. Napier. United Church Press. Hardbound, $3.50. Paperback, $1.95.

THE FAITH OF EPICURUS. By Benjamin Farrington. Basic Books. $4.95.

A GOD FOR SCIENCE? By Jean-Marie Aubert. Newman. $4.25.

SEX AND MORALS. By C. H. and Winifred M. Whiteley. Basic Books. $3.95.

TEACH US HOW TO PRAY. By Louis Evely. Newman. $2.95.

THE VOLUNTARY CHURCH: American Religious Life (1740-1865) Seen Through the Eyes of European Visitors. Edited by Milton Powell. Macmillan. $5.95.

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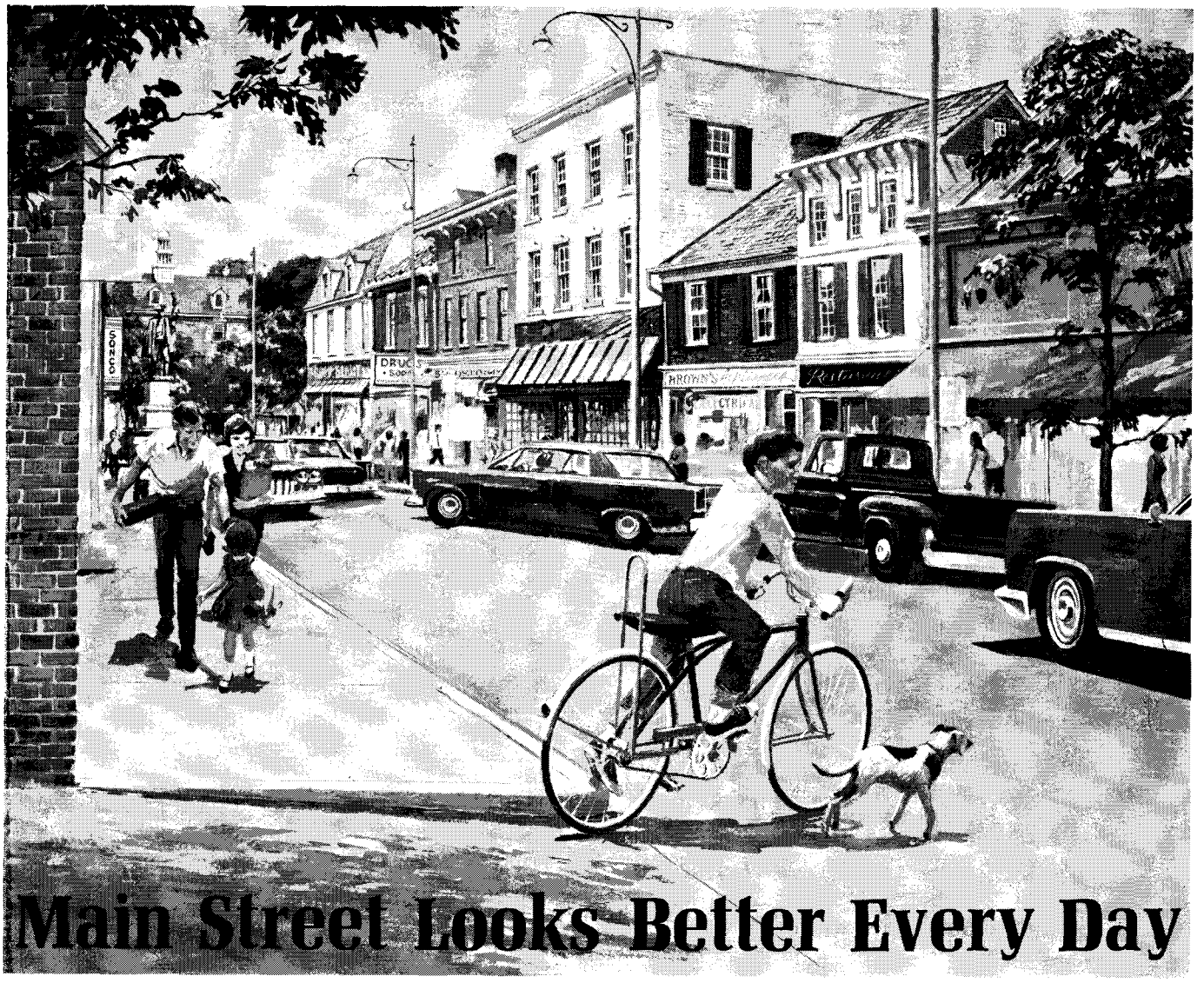

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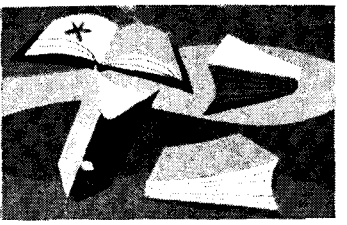
Trade Winds



The August 20th issue of *The New York Times* carried a story datelined "New Heaven." It began, "Roving groups of young Negroes hurled rocks and bottles at store windows and at passing cars in the Hill neighborhood here for several hours tonight. Some looting was reported." The town actually was New Haven.

One can sympathize with the plight of some of those young men. However, instead of swiping guns, radios, furniture, and booze, once in a while why don't they break into a bookshop and steal a book? Preferably one entitled *How to Win Friends and Influence People.*

In some recent correspondence, George Abbott (who wrote *Coquette* with Ann Preston Bridgers) expressed pleasant amusement at my recollection of the work, and particularly the scene in which Norma Besant, played by Helen Hayes, tells a young man (not the father) that she is going to have a baby, to which the young man replies, "Will you do me the honor to marry me?" "What a tear-jerker," said Mr. Abbott, and indeed it was—and what a spectacular 1927 season it played in. Nostalgia nothing. Let's see, flourishing at about the same time were *Holiday, The Silver Cord, Her Cardboard Lover, Escape, Strange Interlude, Our Betters, The Royal Family, The Road to Rome, The Green Hat, Dynamo, Craig's Wife, Volpone, The Ivory Door, The Letter, Ned McCobb's Daughter, Serena Blandish, Broadway*—and there must have been a dozen more.

Unlike the theater, whose fare now is pathetic, the best-selling books of today are often first-rate; yet it would be a stunning season that could come up, as 1927's did, with Edna Ferber's *Show Boat,* Will Durant's *Story of Philosophy,* Richard Halliburton's *Royal Road to Romance,* Sylvia Thompson's *Hounds of Spring,* Mark Sullivan's *Our Times,* Warwick Deeping's *Sorrell and Son,* Emil Ludwig's *Napoleon,* John Erskine's *The Private Life of Helen of Troy,* Anita Loos's *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes,* and Katherine Mayo's *Mother India.* This list, too, could be expanded.

As for short stories, I don't think there are a dozen good ones published in a year. *Then* there were fifty.

The grass was greener? You can bet it was. What we have made progress in is mechanics. Electronics. Speed. Medicine. Vulgarity. Nutrition. Synthetics. Not enough genuine creative writing. Experimental stuff and guff aplenty, so much of which will be forgotten before the decade is over.

I mentioned *Mother India,* which gave me my first understanding of that poor country. Last week I had an even more gratifying experience, in reading Dennis Bloodworth's *The Chinese Looking Glass* (Farrar, Straus & Giroux). It's great. Informative, amusing, enthralling. If you have $6.95 to spare, and even if you haven't, buy a copy. To help make it the best seller it deserves to be. I now forgive Roger Straus for having won the Pulitzer Prize for *The Fixer,* about which I was, uh, unenthusiastic.

If you want a gay hour, if you remember and enjoyed *Cheaper by the Dozen,* treat yourself to Tom Buck's *But Daddy!* (Morrow). Price, $3.95. I used to work with Buck. If he had told me he'd ever write a book, I'd have called him lunatic. Instead, *I* am. It's charming, funny, happy, clean, an unmitigated delight from first page right up to the brief but unnecessary Epilogue, which you can skip.

I wish to thank almost a hundred *SR* readers who telephoned or wrote to help in my search for the *Jurgen* and *Beyond Life* copyrights. The very first call gave me the necessary lead. It was from John Farrar, who directed me to Mrs. James Branch Cabell, in Richmond. Mrs. Cabell responded immediately, and the problem is solved.

My quest for the copyright ownership began when I could find no trace of Robert M. McBride, the original publisher. He is, I am informed, seriously ill.

The Summer Bulletin issued by the Metropolitan Museum of Art is so superior to any previous one that Director Thomas Hoving deserves the gratitude of everyone and is to be congratulated for the major improvement.

Please remember that the Museum is now open on Tuesday nights. The restaurant is available for dinner.

If the quality of writing is not much better today than in earlier years, which I think I was saying a few paragraphs ago, the pay for the writing *is,* and I'm all for it. Perhaps the greatest satire ever produced remains *Gulliver's Travels.* Swift was born exactly 300 **years ago.** For his masterpiece he received a thousand dollars. In view of what some of the young nuts look like who are hanging around our street corners today, with their long hair and dirty necks and prissy ways, I incline more and more to Swift's proposal regarding children: that they be systematically fattened and then *eaten.*

The conversation had to do with conclusions to long series of books: *The Forsyte Saga,* for example, the *Jalna* volumes by Mazo de la Roche, Jules Romains's *Men of Good Will.* My favorite has been, and is, the ending to Trollope's *The Last Chronicle of Barset,* and I am pleased to have a chance to repeat it:

> And now, if the reader will allow me to seize him affectionately by the arm, we will together take our last farewell of Barset and of the tower of Barchester. I may not venture to say to him that, in this country, he and I together have wandered often through the country lanes, and have ridden together over the too-well wooded fields, or have stood together in the cathedral nave listening to the peals of the organ, or have together sat at good men's tables, or have confronted together the angry pride of men who were not good. I may not boast that any beside myself have so realized the place, and the people, and the facts, as to make such reminiscences possible as those which I should attempt to evoke by an appeal to perfect fellowship. But to me Barset has been a real county, and its city a real city, and the spires and towers have been before my eyes, and the voices of the people are known to my ears, and the pavement of the city ways are familiar to my footsteps. To them all I now say farewell. That I have been induced to wander among them too long by my love of old friendships, and by the sweetness of old faces, is a fault for which I may perhaps be more readily forgiven, when I repeat, with some solemnity of assurance, the promise made in my title, that this shall be the last chronicle of Barset.

—Herbert R. Mayes.

Solution of Last Week's Kingsley Double-Crostic (No. 1743)

(David) Halberstam:

(The) MAKING OF A QUAGMIRE

To a young boy growing up in the total deprivation of an Asian backland, only dimly aware of the inequity between his life and that of other, wealthier Asians, the enemy's call was persuasive – particularly when, say, a member of the Vietcong ran the local school.

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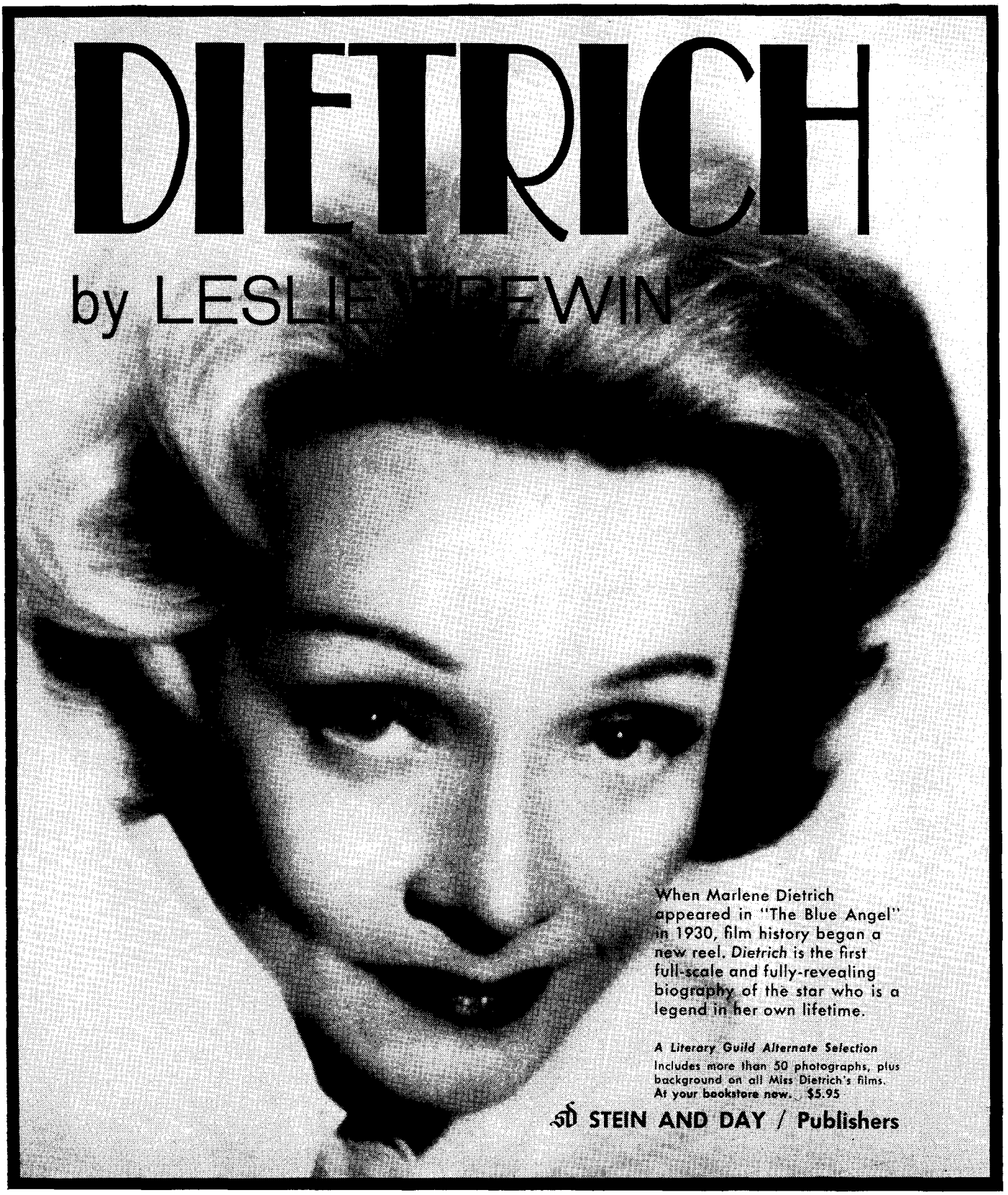
DIETRICH

by LESLIE FREWIN



When Marlene Dietrich appeared in "The Blue Angel" in 1930, film history began a new reel. *Dietrich* is the first full-scale and fully-revealing biography of the star who is a legend in her own lifetime.

A Literary Guild Alternate Selection

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STEIN AND DAY / Publishers

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A Young Girl Reading by Fragonard (1732-1806), National Gallery of Art, Washington, D. C.

How Bankers Trust got involved in this beautiful oil deal.

When we're appointed executor of an estate, we can't always know what will turn up.

A fleet of freighters.

An unfinished skyscraper.

A priceless painting.

But we're prepared for anything. We have to be.

As executor of one estate, we were responsible to a number of beneficiaries, each of whom found that he had inherited a share in a legendary art collection.

That this collection included three Rembrandts, a Hals, a Van Dyck, a Cranach, a Holbein, a Gainsborough, and a Fragonard had already caused rumbles in the art world.

We could easily have told you about any one of these paintings. But we just couldn't keep our eyes off the Fragonard.

Fragonard? One of the most successful of the French court painters in the eighteenth century. After the Revolution, this artist fell into obscurity. He died in Paris in 1806, a forgotten man.

But recently, interest in his work had revived.

Pressure began mounting. For sentimental reasons, European collectors and museums wanted these paintings to be sold in Europe.

But we resisted. If assets must be sold, we must first find the way to get the highest price for the estate.

As an executor we inherit a unique responsibility–to fulfill the terms of a will as if the decedent's wishes were our very own. We must act as if the property is ours. That's what trust is all about.

Why did this family come to Bankers Trust? They trusted and respected our abilities and judgment.

The auction sale is now history. The Fragonard alone was sold for $875,000. The highest price ever paid for a work by this long-neglected master.

It hangs now in the National Gallery in Washington, D.C.

In the role of executor, a Bankers Trust man's first loyalty is to the responsibility entrusted to us.

At times like these, it's as if he didn't even work for our bank.

You'll find an executor at Bankers Trust.

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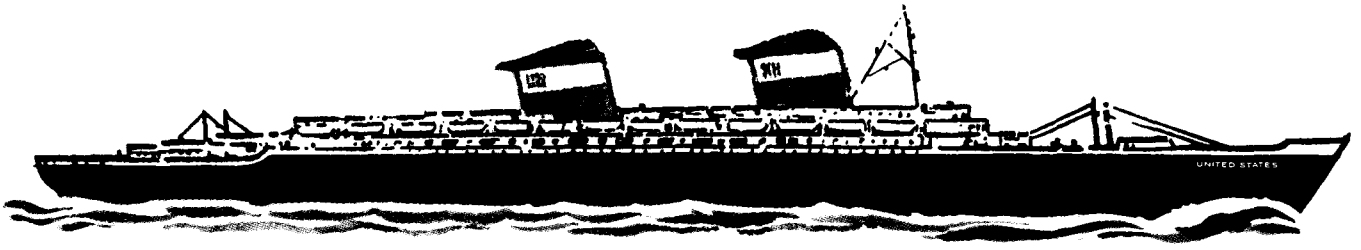
3-CONTINENT SEAFARI ON THE s.s. UNITED STATES!



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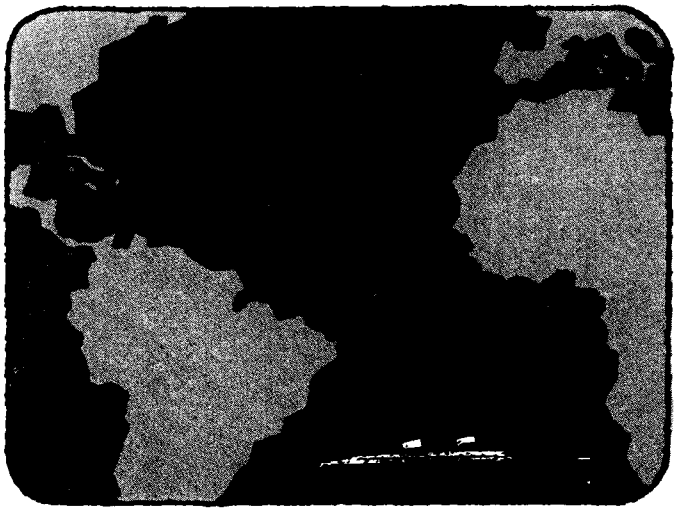
Follow the coast southward to the sunny Caribbean. Visit quaint Curaçao and cruise down to fabulous Rio de Janeiro. You will have crossed the Equator twice when you slip across the Atlantic to mysterious Dakar and the scenic Canary Islands. Stop at Gibraltar, Lisbon and Madeira.

The ship will be your hotel on this Three-Continent Seafari, with a limited guest list of less than half normal capacity. This means you'll enjoy all the pleasures of a great resort. Air-conditioned staterooms. Indoor and outdoor swimming. Top entertainment. First-run movies and Meyer Davis tempos that coax you into dancing the nights away. Superb cuisine. And the kind of service that caters to your every desire.

**Limited number of rooms without bath from $1025.*



YOUR PORTS OF CALL

Feb. 6 Curaçao: The sunny Dutch island of pastel houses and brilliant poinciana trees. A great place to buy crystal, china, Delft tiles and electronic goods.

Feb. 12-15 Rio de Janeiro: Stand by for an exciting welcome at Rio for this is the UNITED STATES' first visit. Take the cable-car ride up Sugar Loaf Mountain for a truly spectacular panoramic view of Rio.

Feb. 19 Dakar: Watch women selling produce and Moors from the northern deserts offering silver at the native market. (The Island of Goree, a fisherman's paradise.)

Feb. 21 Tenerife: A beautiful, exotic spot—the largest of the seven Canary Islands.

Feb. 23 Gibraltar: It rises from the sea like some petrified prehistoric relic. See St. Michael's Caves and the Barbary Apes. Free-port shopping.

Feb. 24-25 Lisbon: The Moorish influences, narrow streets and magnificent gardens will charm you. Go to a cabaret and listen to the "fado" — the singing that so poignantly expresses the Portuguese. See the Shrine of Fatima, and the elegance of the "Costa do Sol," where Estoril glitters like a diamond.

Feb. 26 Funchal: Idyllic spot on the Island of Madeira, where the world-famous wine and hand-embroidered linens can be bought before heading home. Ride in a bullock car or a monte sledge.

March 2 New York: End of your Three-Continent Seafari.

SPECIAL HOLIDAY CRUISES

11-day Christmas-New Year's Cruise to Panama, Curaçao, St. Thomas and Nassau. Leave New York December 22. Rates from $425.

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The Route of the Unrushables

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Saturday Review
September 9, 1967

WHAT I HAVE LEARNED—XVI

The Challenge of Fear

A courageous crusader for justice in Africa examines "the most important question that confronts the human race"—keeping anxiety and mistrust from paralyzing reason.

By ALAN PATON

ONE OF the big lessons that life has taught me is that my earlier understanding of man and his society was wretchedly inadequate. An extraordinary thing, is it not, that one should begin to acquire an understanding of them both when one is drawing near to the end of his acquaintance with them? The richer one grows in wisdom, the shorter becomes the time in which to use it.

Just how it happened that my understanding was so inadequate I don't quite know. My parents certainly never taught me that man was growing better and better and that the future was therefore in some way assured. They certainly taught me to seek after righteousness, but they never taught me that righteousness would in a temporal and political sense be successful. Nor did I ever learn this at school. Yet that is what I grew up believing. Why should this be so?

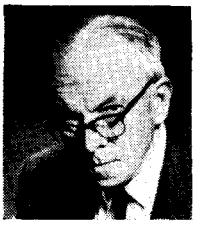
I can only think that it was taught to me after all, not by father or mother or teacher or priest, but because it was a basic assumption of the pre-1914 society into which I was born. I am surprised to find that this view of man and life was shared by many all over the world who were born at that time. I am surprised because my own particular world was a very particular one indeed. It was the town of Pietermaritzburg, Natal, founded by the Afrikaner trekkers, but intensely British at the time of my birth in 1903, most of the trekkers having gone to the Transvaal after the British annexation of Natal. My world was intensely pro-Empire, devoted to the Royal Family, moved to excitement and pride when the red-coated soldiers of the British garrison marched down the street past our home, with arms swinging and drums beating and fifes blowing, to the old Polo Ground to parade for the King's birthday.

There were 30,000 people in Pietermaritzburg in my boyhood, more than half of them Africans and Indians, of whose existence we knew and of whose lives we did not. They were not persons. The Africans were servants or they dug up the roads. The Indians sold fruit and vegetables, in baskets fastened one to the front end and the other to the back end of a flexible strip of bamboo carried on the shoulder, the baskets swaying up and down with a springy motion.

THIS faulty understanding of man and life has been called by some the romantic illusion, and can be entertained in different places and at different times in history, but in our illusion the might of the British Empire, the indomitable British Navy, and the *Pax Brittanica* were particular elements. The world was good and it was going to stay good, perhaps even become better.

I had no conception at that age of the way in which man could create tremendous, noble-sounding slogans, and could shout them aloud while doing ignoble actions; and what is more, the louder the shout, the greater the ignobleness could be. I had no conception of the need of so much of mankind, while it was actually employed in self-seeking and self-securing, to cling simultaneously to unself-centered religion and altruistic ethics. Nor did I realize that man could so easily deceive himself that his highest religious and ethical values were identical with his own self-interest. And there must have been a great many people like me; otherwise why did George Orwell's *1984* create such a sensation among us?

The extraordinary thing about all this is that I ought to have known it. My parents gave me a religious upbringing, and the reading of the gospel story should have prepared me better



Alan Paton.

The author: "He pulled up the barbed wire fence and planted geraniums," someone once said of Alan Paton's achievements in bringing prison reform to his native South Africa. Throughout his remarkably productive career as a writer, teacher, penologist, and political leader, Mr. Paton—author of the sixteenth contribution to *SR*'s "What I Have Learned" series—has boldly applied this same humanitarian attitude and innovative approach to his efforts at alleviating the racial and social injustices plaguing his country and the African continent. Mr. Paton, who was born in Natal in 1903, is president of the South African Liberal Party, and in 1960 he received the Freedom House Award.

His first novel, *Cry, the Beloved Country*, won world-wide acclaim in 1948; other works include *Too Late the Phalarope*, *South Africa in Transition*, *Tales from a Troubled Land*, and *South African Tragedy*.

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for the world with its scribes and pharisees and the crucifixion of Jesus through the instruments of church and state. I take that story seriously, for I believe that in some societies one cannot be true to one's highest beliefs without paying for it in suffering. This is more true in the totalitarian and the semitotalitarian societies (of which Nazi Germany is an example of the first and South Africa an example of the second) than in countries such as America and Britain. In South Africa, one may say with safety that apartheid is misguided, but it is dangerous to say that it is cruel or to oppose it too vigorously.

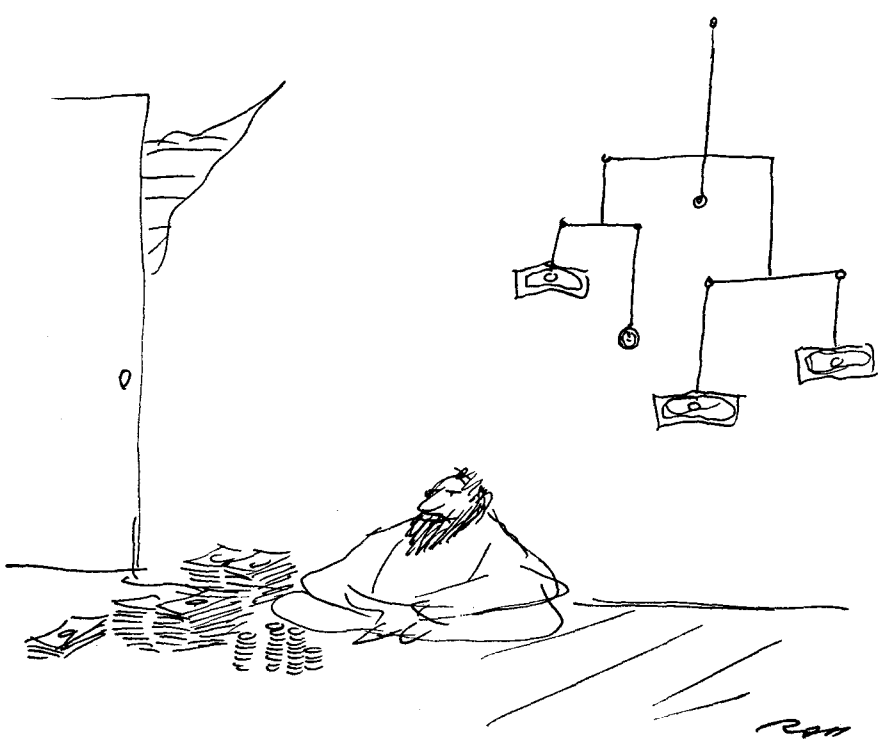
NOT only the Gospel, but history also should have taught me to know better. There is, for one thing, the tale of man's innumerable wars, and of his inhumanity to other men. The early Christians were persecuted by the state, but when Christianity became a state religion, it was not long before the church began persecuting and burning heretics. For centuries, the Jews suffered unspeakably at the hands of Christians, who had no difficulty in believing that they were doing a good thing, and doing it in the name of Christ, who taught that one must love one's neighbor as oneself and had made it very clear who one's neighbor was.

Not even the World War of 1914 shattered my pre-1914 world, though today to read of the terrible and useless slaughter of the bright youth of Britain, France, and Germany leaves one appalled. It was Adolf Hitler who finally destroyed for me—and for many others—the romantic illusion. Dachau, Belsen, Auschwitz—these places gave me an education which was not available in Pietermaritzburg. So one suddenly learns in age the truth of a saying heard in youth; namely, that life is the greatest teacher of them all.

What Hitler taught me about man and nature was sobering enough, but life taught me two further lessons. The first was that, whatever Hitler had taught me about man, I must on no account forget that all over the world men and women, both young and old, would offer their lives in the fight against totalitarian rule and the doctrine of race superiority because they believed them to be evil. The second lesson was quite different, and that was that some of these same men and women twenty years later would begin to support the very things that they had fought against, and to approve of the punishment without trial of those who opposed the doctrine of apartheid, but had committed no known offense.

And why do they behave like this? Have they suddenly, or even gradually, become corrupted? And if so, why? Surely the answer is that the nature of their security—and that means the nature of their self-interest—has changed. In 1939 their security was the British Empire and the Navy. In 1967, amid the turbulence and uncertainties of modern Africa, their security appears to them to lie in white supremacy and apartheid. With the change of one's self-interest, there comes also a change in one's ideology, one's values, one's principles.

This discovery of the complexity of human nature was accompanied by another—the discovery of the complexity and irrationality of human motive, the discovery that one could love and hate simultaneously, be honest and cheat, be arrogant and humble, be any pair of opposites that one had supposed to be mutually exclusive. This, I believe, is not common knowledge and would be incomprehensible to many. It has always been known, of course, by the dramatists and the novelists. It is, in fact, a knowledge far more disturbing to other people than to writers, for to writers it is the grist to their mills.



Nor was I aware when I was young (both as boy and as man) how powerful a motive is fear, even though I myself had many fears. As I write this I am searching for an explanation of the fact that under some circumstances men readily admit fear, and under other circumstances do not. I assume that readiness to admit fear is part of a general readiness to look at the world as it is, and therefore at oneself as one is, while unwillingness to admit fear may be a strong element in self-esteem. One does not readily admit to a fear of which one is ashamed.

Now, while fear has its important uses, such as causing an outflow of adrenalin which helps one run away faster, it is a wretched determinant of conduct. There is nothing more pitiable than a human being whose conduct is largely determined by fear. Furthermore, it is a destroyer of reason and the rational life. What can be done to control it, check it, or even eliminate it?

Here I must use language which will be out of fashion for some, and I must use reasoning which will seem quite unreal to others. Life has taught me that John uttered the plain and simple truth when he wrote that there is no fear in love, but that perfect love casts out fear. In one sense, the opposite of fear is courage, but in the dynamic sense the opposite of fear is love, whether this be love of man or love of justice.

It is clearly not enough to tell a fearful man that if he would only love more, he would fear less. In an age when leprosy was feared much more than it is today, that rich and spoiled young man, Francis of Assisi, impelled by some sudden and irresistible emotion, got down from his gaily caparisoned horse and embraced a leper in the road. From that day he feared nothing, and taught thousands of others to fear nothing. Yet few of us are visited by such irresistible emotion.

How does one help ordinary men and women, if not to eliminate fear, at least to keep it within bounds, so that reason may play a stronger role in the affairs of men and nations and so that men may cease to pursue policies which must lead to the very disasters they fear? To me, this is the most important question that confronts the human race.

I note that it is more and more

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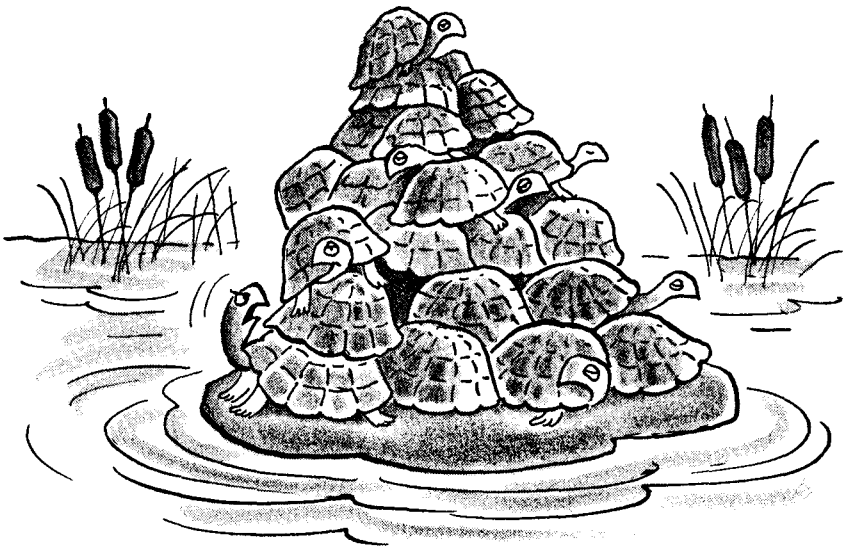
widely held that poverty and inequality of opportunity are among the greatest causes of tension between man and man, between race and race, and between nation and nation. I believe that race tension in my own country would be amazingly abated if the disparity between average white income and average black income were not so overwhelming. I believe that tension between America and Russia has declined since Russia became one of the productive nations. Yet when men are ruled by fear, they strive to prevent the very changes that will abate it.

FEAR of change is, no doubt, in all of us, but it most afflicts the man who fears that any change must lead to loss of his wealth and status. When this fear becomes inordinate, he will, if he has political power, abrogate such things as civil rights and the rule of law, using the argument that he abrogates them only to preserve them. In my own country the government, in order to preserve Christian civilization, uses methods incompatible with Christianity and abrogates values which are essential to any civilization which calls itself Christian. If only a man would say, "I do this because I'm afraid," one could bear it; but when he says, "I do this because I'm good," that is a bit too much.

I see no hope for the peace of society or the peace of the world so long as this fear of change is so powerful. And this fear will remain powerful so long as the one side has so much to gain and the other so much to lose.

I should like to make one point clear, and that is that I do not believe that a more equitable distribution of wealth will automatically bring the Great Society. The point I am trying to make is that if it is not done, there will never be any Great Society. Nor will there be any peace for the world.

Can a school prepare our children for the complexity and waywardness of man? Is it not more likely that these lessons can be taught only by living? There would be the danger that some children might learn to believe a contrary illusion, namely, that man is cruel, cunning, and deceitful. If I remember my childhood and boyhood correctly, and perhaps even my experience as a young teacher, one actually protected children against knowing too much of the worse sides of man's nature. My readers know, no doubt, the story of the businessman who put his young son on the roof of the house, and, standing below, said, "Jump, son, and Daddy will catch you." So the boy jumped, and Daddy didn't catch him, but instead said to him, "Son, that will teach you to trust nobody." One could hardly do that. But one could, while holding up the goals of honesty, kindness,



"Listen, everybody! I'm counting to ten and then pulling out!"

loyalty, tolerance, integrity, tell children a bit of what the world is like. I would also assume that the children of 1967 know far more about man and his nature and society than did the chidren of the pre-1914 days; it must be almost impossible for children of today to cherish the old romantic illusion.

One must not suppose, however, that because children have lost the romantic illusion and look upon life and the world and their parents with a more calculating eye that they are now free of illusions. In South Africa many white children cherish the illusion that they are, in many important ways, superior to other children, and I regret to add that many nonwhite children entertain the illusion that they are, in many important ways, inferior to white children. Another powerful illusion handed down to many white children is that their country is perfect and their government wholly just and benign, so that they lose all faculty for self-criticism.

I have known people who, when their romantic illusion is finally destroyed, cease to believe anything except that man is bad and life intolerable; who feel that they have come, to use Thomas Wolfe's magnificent words, from the prison of their mothers' flesh "into the unspeakable and incommunicable prison of this earth." I presume they would say that this is what life has taught them. It is my fortune to be able to say that though life destroyed my romantic illusion, she did not teach me the contrary illusion. It would appear either that she does not teach the same lessons to everybody, or that other factors operate besides experience, such as temperament, character, religious faith, and sheer luck and good fortune.

I certainly had good fortune, in marriage and children and friends—especially those friends who, with me, have challenged the beliefs and practices of a color-bar society—and it is these personal relationships that have saved me from the melancholy that besets the wholly disillusioned. I call this my luck because it is very difficult, and perhaps impossible, to achieve such a state by act of will. You may say to a friend, "Don't worry; worry changes nothing," but that in itself will not stop him from worrying. Life has taught me—and this is my luck—that active loving saves one from a morbid preoccupation with the shortcomings of society and the waywardness of men.

I should again make it clear at this point that I am not saying that human society is unimprovable. What I am saying is that the problems of creating the Great Society are immensely greater than many of us were taught to believe and that we would have been better equipped to deal with them if we had understood their nature and difficulty better. To give up the task of reforming society is to give up one's responsibility as a free man. The task itself is endless, and large parts of it, sometimes the whole of it, must be performed anew by each succeeding generation.

NOW, while life was teaching me these lessons, she was leading me in what would appear to be a quite contrary or at least contradictory direction. Here I must refer directly to my own local and particular situation as a white South African. While, on the one hand, I was discarding the romantic illusion about men and society, on the other I was beginning to rebel against the man-made barriers of race and color that divided man from man and to cherish a new ideal of society, which would be judged by some to be an illusion no

(*Continued on page* 46)

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Walter Terry • Margaret R. Weiss • John T. Winterich

Is the National Honor Being Bombed?

WAR is a great dissolver of national disunity. For a long time, the American people felt impelled to suppress doubts about Vietnam and to support their government. But Vietnam has become a deep burn in the American soul and the pain of it is now becoming increasingly severe and visible. What is happening is that the debate in America has entered a phase where the issue no longer is solely whether the United States should make good its pledge to help a government against aggression.

The issue before the American people today, in the light of recent events, has to do with their moral reputation in the world and with their own institutions. The President is indeed right when he says that our national honor is at stake in Vietnam. The national honor is at stake because things are being done in Vietnam that are dishonorable and inconsistent with the meaning of American history. Whatever one's position on our original involvement in Vietnam, two recent events put a new light on the war.

One is the decision to send American planes over Communist China. At one time, official denials of intent about the overflights might have provided some measure of reassurance, but the frequency with which these actions have occurred no longer makes possible any conclusion other than the fact of gravely irresponsible decision-making. The warnings over the years by such military leaders as Gen. Dwight D. Eisenhower and Gen. Douglas MacArthur about the folly of engaging the United States in a war against China now become grimly relevant against the nuclear backdrop. If the Administration has in fact embarked on a program of deliberate provocation, then the powers of the Presidency in military and foreign policy are no longer recognizable in Constitutional terms.

The second recent event that has starkly changed the nature of the war in Vietnam, and therefore the attitude of many Americans toward it, is the deliberate decision to bomb civilians. It is true that the bombing of Hanoi is different only in degree and not in kind from the bombing and strafing of villages that have been carried on for many months. But in the latter case, the United States Government has at least claimed that civilian casualties were incurred in attacks on military targets. This cannot be said of an attack on the heart of a city.

The recent bombing of Hanoi, in which an estimated 100 persons were killed, has produced no official disclaimers or explanations. The action can only be viewed for what it undoubtedly is: a calculated policy to step up the pace of the war. What makes the decision all the more disturbing and indeed shattering to the American mind is the fact that the bombing admittedly has no military purpose or significance. In fact, the will to resist has been strengthened, not weakened. Secretary of Defense Robert McNamara has stated that the bombing operations in Vietnam have had little military value. They are being carried on, he said, because they contribute to morale in South Vietnam.

This in itself should cause the American people to split the sky with indignation. What kind of mentality or morality is it that seeks nourishment from the wanton and meaningless death of noncombatants? More to the point: What kind of mentality or morality is it that feels under a compulsion to supply that kind of nourishment? A proper reponse to someone whose morale has to be bolstered by the killing of innocent people is to tell him to fry in hell.

What about the American aviators who are ordered to drop their bombs on civilian targets? What burden will they carry for the rest of their lives? Can they reasonably be expected to sustain the knowledge that they killed defenseless people not out of military necessity but because it helped to convince warped political minds that the United States was really serious about prosecuting the war? The question, of course, is one that affects not just the men in the cockpits or bombing stations of the planes; the question must be front and center in the mind and conscience of every American.

It may be said that the decision to step up the pace of the war is an attempt to force North Vietnam to the negotiating table. Even here, however, there is the record of at least three specific opportunities to get into negotiations or explorations for negotiations—opportunities which the United States publicly said it sought but which it privately spurned or allowed to die. The most recent of such opportunities came last December when, at the initiative of U.S. Ambassador Henry Cabot Lodge, a message was sent to Hanoi urging immediate and responsible negotiations. The response to the initiative was guarded but affirmative. Exploratory meetings were scheduled for Warsaw in the middle of December but never eventuated. Just before such explorations were to begin, bombing actions were carried out against Hanoi. The bombings destroyed more than some buildings; they destroyed the possibility of negotiations. It was at this point that the President informed Hanoi that the bombings were accidental and would not be repeated. But it was too late. Whoever had conceived and authorized the bombings had scored a square hit on his main target.

The President has feared that North Vietnam will be encouraged to continue to fight out of the mistaken belief that the American people are bitterly divided over the war. But the government's own policies, its contradictions, its lack of continuity or consistency, its squandering of the moral resources of the American people, and its disregard bordering on contempt for the instinct of Americans to find their way through to the truth—all this is what is creating division at home. The flag must be upheld but so must the fabric of American history. It is unpatriotic and un-American to be silent about the unraveling of the American fibre in Vietnam. —N.C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Views of Patriotism

DR. ROY PEARSON'S article, "A Patriotism for All Seasons" [*SR*, Aug. 19], does my heart good. Having in a small way "waged" both peace and war, I am convinced that my love of country was far better expressed by the former than the latter.

While the use of force will sometimes seem necessary in an imperfect world, the defense of country by seeking to remove the need for fighting is a nobler and far more difficult brand of patriotism.

WILLIAM C. SALTONSTALL.
New Bedford, Mass.

I WAS GLAD to note Roy Pearson's defense of the pacifistic patriot who longs for world solidarity and the universal brotherhood of man. Intense patriotism, accompanied by the cry, "My Country! Right or Wrong!" has caused practically all wars and conflicts in the past. Voltaire defined a patriot as one who hates every country but his own.

If patriotism is a virtue, it certainly does not mean blind love for one's own country, but a broad recognition of rights and privileges of humans everywhere. The sooner we realize it, the earlier we may be in sight of the end of all wars. If we don't, we may still see the end of all wars – but at the expense of ourselves.

GEORGE VARGHESE.
New York, N.Y.

DR. PEARSON'S ESSAY will surely do much to remove the pejorative connotation from the word "patriotism." This word and others have been prostituted so often by limited-perspective groups that they have come to stick on the tongues of those who would utter them with sincerity. They have become ugly, even totalitarian clichés which the intelligent and the sensitive seek to avoid.

SAMMY STAGGS.
Campobello, S.C.

I BELIEVE the Christian pacifist is definitely not a patriot, and happily so, for he does not love his country so much as all men, regardless of nationality. He knows as did Sir Thomas More, to whom the article's title points, that even patriotism falls before the conscience.

L. LAIRD HOLBY.
Pleasantville, N.Y.

Thoreau's Influence

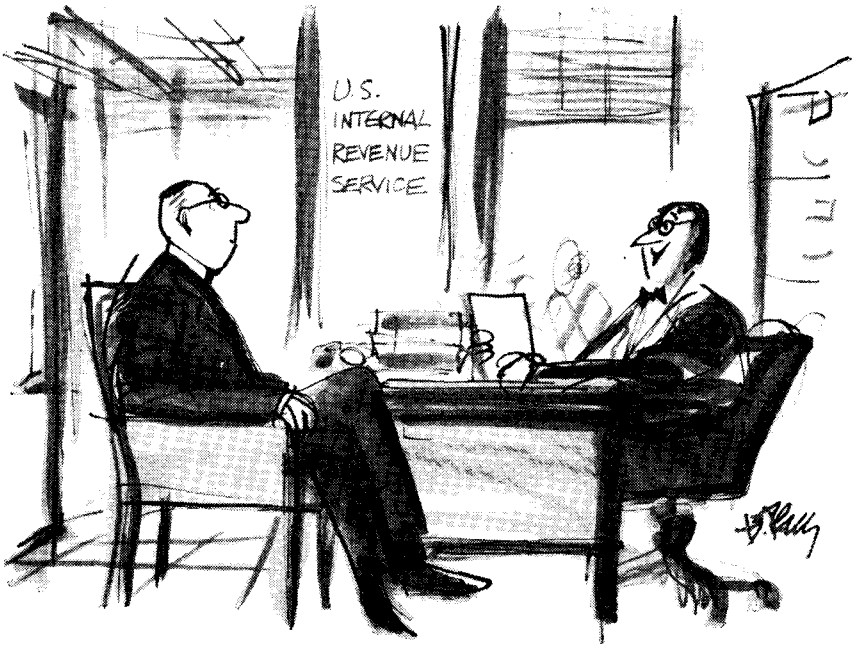
IN HIS ARTICLE, "Who Was Henry Thoreau?" [*SR*, Aug. 19], Joseph Wood Krutch writes of Thoreau's growing fame and also notes that his voice is practically unheeded as we keep plunging down the path of so-called progress, making life more unmanagable, complicated, and frustrating.

Mr. Krutch is surely right, but may I ask, as Thoreau did, have the great and good ever been in the majority? If his ideas have not been heeded, neither have those of many a wise man. Thoreau realized the world would not be easily changed. I, for one, am ready to believe with him, "There is more day to dawn. The sun is but a morning star."

SAM WELLMAN.
Cleveland, O.

JOSEPH WOOD KRUTCH states that Thoreau's teachings have had no influence, basing his assertion on the evident fact that our society has moved steadily away from the simplicity that was his theme. One might make similar assertions about the influence of Christ; or Buddha; or Socrates; or Gandhi. Yet it is such thoughts that form the invisible keel to every ship of state. They remain unseen and unminded during fair weather, but their stabilizing powers are desperately sought when the whirlwinds begin.

J. R. GROUNDWATER.
Chicago, Ill.



"It's just a routine spot check, Reverend, to be sure we're rendering to Caesar all he's got coming to him."

Welcome, Thomas Middleton

I COMMEND *SR* on the selection of Thomas Middleton as successor to Mrs. Doris Nash Wortman in the Double-Crostics department. I have worked his first selection [*SR*, Aug 12], and consider him worthy.

GEORGE R. BERRYMAN.
Washington, D.C.

I HAVE JUST SPENT a delightful evening solving Thomas Middleton's first Double-Crostic. He will do a fine job, I am sure.

JOEL W. FRISCHBERG.
Brooklyn, N.Y.

Vintners and Wine

I AM WRITING because of our concern over unnecessary deprecatory inferences in the title and at the end of Horace Sutton's column, "At Home with the Winos"[BOOKED FOR TRAVEL, Aug. 12].

To compare the vineyardists and vintners with the unfortunate outcasts about whom the term "wino" is commonly used is to do a severe injustice to an entire industry. This is a poor term even for a skid-row alcoholic, who, in fact, rarely drinks wine as the alcoholic beverage of his choice.

Wine has recognized health values. Cultures which enjoy wine in moderation and with meals, as they do in California's wine country, have a lower incidence of alcoholism than those which do not.

HARRY G. SERLIS,
Director, Public Relations,
Wine Institute.
San Francisco, Calif.

Of Ants and Aphids

HENRY MORGAN, in "Bugged" [PHOENIX NEST, June 10], writes: "Some ants keep pets. There's a kind of aphid that lives in ant nests and is taken care of in return for a bit of honey now and then."

We think that aphids live on plants and feed upon plant juices. The ant feeds upon the aphids' excrement. We wonder if Mr. Morgan knows why hogs run with cattle in the harvested corn fields. It isn't for honey.

CHARLES AND ELAINE MARTIN.
Honolulu, Hawaii.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *Martin Levin replies, "Henry Morgan, American entomology's answer to Vladimir Nabokov, is correct. According to a neutral source, ants consume 'honeydew exhuded from Hempiterous insects. Many ants have learned how to induce these insects to void the honeydew by stroking them with their antennae, and even to keep and protect them. Aphids are especially sought after for this purpose and Linnaeus was amply justified in calling them the dairy cattle of the ants.'"*

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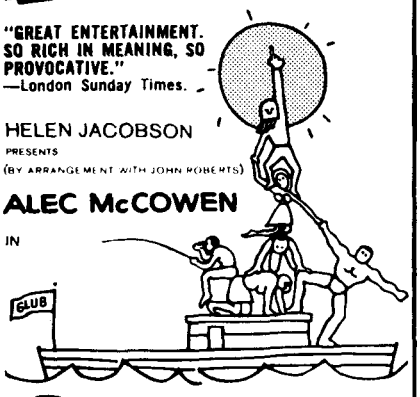

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Renovating the House

MINNEAPOLIS.

IN SPITE OF the rumor that it is headed for a financially disastrous season, the Minnesota Theatre Company appears to be bearing up nicely. Actually, the production budget at the Tyrone Guthrie Theatre is set to break even at 65 per cent of capacity attendance, and the box-office revenue at midsummer is reported to be approximately 67 per cent. Of course, the season continues until November, but any drastic drop in revenue should be forestalled by the fact that eighteen performances will receive 70 per cent of capacity revenue from the federal government in order that they may be offered to school audiences. Furthermore, the latest addition to the repertoire, Sir Tyrone Guthrie's production of *The House of Atreus* has been drawing full houses since its late July opening.

This new version of Aeschylus's *Oresteia*, as adapted by John Lewin, condenses three awesome Greek tragedies (*Agamemnon*, *The Bringers of Offerings*, and *The Furies*) into a three-and-a-half-hour evening of splendiferousness, story-telling, and simplification. It seems to begin traditionally with Tanya Moiseiwitsch's reconstruction of the tall vertical doors leading into Agamemnon's palace at the rear of the open stage, and masked chorus members speaking in front of them. But gradually we become aware of deviations from the classical style. The chorus speaks in small groups, and at some points individual members even climb on the backs of others as if they were simulating a platform speech. The words are almost colloquial and have a modern tinge ("When I think of this great house, what once it was/And how it is managed now" or "Things are too delicately balanced To disturb them with evil words").

There is also a touch of sophisticated sarcasm when a herald reacts to Clytemnestra's haughty air with "She speaks like one born to command!" Another innovation is the chorus's melodic singing of portions of the verse to pleasant tunes written by Dominick Argento. And, if they move the proceedings in the direction of *Marat/Sade*, one asks oneself, why not? Indeed, this happens a number of times during the evening when we are startled to find ourselves relaxedly enjoying an inventively decorated fairy tale, instead of suffering the deep, tragic emotions we have come to expect, but seldom really experience, in more solemnified performances of Greek tragedy.

For artificial solemnity can be boring and murky, whereas this Christmas pantomime presentation is theatrical and clear. The sudden entrance of Agamemnon's chariot up the narrow forestage tunnel, the oversize, grotesque dolls of the butchered victims brought out for display, and the even more enormous statue of the goddess Athena, which amazes us by coming to life and both moving and speaking, are all imaginative wonders that delight and astonish audiences.

Except for certain members of the chorus, the entire cast is male, with Douglas Campbell playing both Clytemnestra and Athena, and Robin Gammell doubling as Cassandra and Electra. This could be disturbing if we were looking for verisimilitude. But fortunately we are here invited to look for something else—a colorful Just-So Story of how the trial-by-jury system got its start. And if we accept this new way of telling an old tale, the memorable proceedings will emerge with only a few minor flaws. The occasional use of a second means of egress from the palace (the tradesmen's entrance) disperses the intensity of focus. The verse spoken by the furies sounds dangerously like "T'was the Night Before Christmas." And the play's final scene contains too many modern clichés. ("Here I see an assembly, bizarre to say the least," says Athena, looking at the weirdly costumed, dog-faced furies, as with amusingly weary condescension she goes about judging Orestes for matricide. When Orestes admits having killed Clytemnestra, the furies gleefully exclaim, "The first fall is ours!" and, like Frank Merriwell, Orestes retorts, "But not the match!")

Athena's final decision to aquit Orestes, however, and her subsequent patience with the angry, defeated furies, which leads to her promising them an important new role in mankind's future, brings *The House of Atreus* to a happy ending. Indeed, optimism runs rampant as hope is expressed that "no more youth will perish before its prime" and that "revenge and iron-hearted war may fade with all that has gone before."

The other productions playing here include a delightful *Thieves' Carnival*, featuring Lee Richardson, Robin Gammell, and Philip Kerr as the playful pilferers; a surprisingly popular revival of *The Shoemaker's Holiday;* and Barrie Stavis's large new play, *Harpers Ferry*. These will be joined soon by *The Visit*, which opens September 11.

—HENRY HEWES.

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28 "A Reporter Looks at American Catholicism," by Barrett McGurn
29 "Conversations in Japan," by David and Evelyn Thompson Riesman
30 "Their Shining Eldorado: A Journey Through Australia," by Elspeth Huxley
31 "The Feasts of Memory: A Journey to a Greek Island," by Elias Kulukundis
32 "Beardsley: A Biography," by Stanley Weintraub; "Under the Hill," by Aubrey Beardsley and John Glassco; "The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley"; "The Later Work of Aubrey Beardsley"; "The Collected Drawings of Aubrey Beardsley"
33 "The Pure and the Impure," by Colette
34 "The City and the Mountains," by Eça de Queiroz. "Going to Jerusalem," by Jerome Charyn
35 "Shark Island," by Maurice Edelman. "People of Providence Street," by John Gooding
36 "Two Leggings: The Making of a Crow Warrior," by Peter Nabokov; "Miracle Hill: the Story of a Navaho Boy," by Emerson Blackhorse Mitchell and T. D. Allen
37 "Tough Trip Through Paradise," by Andrew Garcia

LITERARY HORIZONS

Escaping Cult and Coterie

IN HIS introduction to the first issue of the *New American Review* (New American Library, hardbound $5, paperback 95¢) Theodore Solotaroff, its editor, says that "it takes up again the pioneering role that the New American Library assumed from 1952 to 1959 by publishing *New World Writing*, a paperback literary review for a relatively mass audience."

I have been re-examining the first issue of *New World Writing*, which appeared in April 1952. Some of its contributors were well along in their careers—Christopher Isherwood, Tennessee Williams, Thomas Merton, Wright Morris. Others were at the beginning of careers that have had some distinction. Flannery O'Connor, for example, whose highly distinguished career came to its sad end in 1964, was represented by an extract from her first novel, *Wise Blood*. There was also an extract from William Gaddis's first—and, alas, only—novel, *The Recognitions*. Gore Vidal, though he had published seven novels, was only twenty-six. Robie Macauley's first book was yet to be published. Louis Auchincloss, whose presence is something of a surprise, had a collection of short stories and a novel to his credit. Among the poets included were Howard Nemerov, Howard Moss, and John Malcolm Brinnin. There was an excellent essay on Carson McCullers by Oliver Evans.

The first issue of *New American Review* reveals a somewhat different pattern, but the differences seem to me to warrant no large generalizations. There are four pieces of fiction—short stories or parts of novels—by writers who are or are beginning to be well known, and three by newcomers. The volume contains less poetry than *New World Writing I*, and there is no single poem as impressive as Howard Nemerov's "The Goose Fish"; but there is sound work by Anne Sexton, Robert Graves, Richard Eberhart, and others. The proportion of critical essays is larger than in the earlier volume; in fact, though there is excellent fiction and good poetry, it is in criticism, using the term broadly, that the anthology is strongest.

The most striking piece of fiction is Philip Roth's "The Jewish Blues." Since I have expressed reservations about Roth's two novels, I am happy to say that this is Roth at his best. Although it is not frankly autobiographical, as is Herbert Gold's *Fathers*, for instance, it clearly comes out of immediately personal experience. The evocation of the narrator's mother and father, achieved largely through revelations of the sexual perceptions of a child, is extraordinarily dense and convincing, and the boy's ambivalence when he visits his mother after she has undergone a serious operation—the mixture of relief, love, impatience, and rebellion—is wonderfully rendered. When Roth presents life as strongly as he does in these pages he doesn't have to worry about sociological significance.

The other more or less well-known writers are Grace Paley, Mordecai Richler, and William Gass. Miss Paley's story is, like most of her work, sharply individual in perception and subtle in manner. Richler, a Canadian now living in England, has written some amusing novels, and his "Dinner with Ormsby-Fletcher" is truly comic, and welcome in this volume for that reason. Because William Gass is represented here I have at last read his *Omensetter's Luck*, a first novel published last year and most deservedly praised. "In the Heart of the Heart of the Country" is not so impressive in style as the novel, but it shows the same extraordinary penetration into the life of the Middle West.

The best of the new writers is William Mathes, whose "Swan Feast" begins in quiet, matter-of-fact understatement and rises to a staggering double climax. The extract from Victor Kolpacoff's forthcoming novel, *The Prisoners of Quai Dong*, is conventional in method but has considerable force, and much the same thing can be said of Ronald Sukenick's "The Kite," which is also taken from a novel in progress.

The critical essay that seems to me most important is Benjamin DeMott's "But He's a Homosexual . . ." DeMott not only scoffs at the loose talk about the homosexual conspiracy in the arts; he is bold enough to say that the excellence of certain writers—whom he names—may be because they are homosexuals, not in spite of the fact. The latter thesis is supported by George Dennison's "The Moral Effect of the Legend of Genet."

Richard Gilman's "*MacBird!* and Its Audience" is also a sensible and salutary piece. Stanley Kauffman's account of his brief experience (January 1 to August 31, 1966) as drama critic of *The New York Times* raises some important though not exactly novel questions about the theater and its critics. Theodore Roszak's "The Complacencies of the Academy, 1967" also covers familiar ground, but what it says needs to be said again

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and again. Keith Botsford talks in a personal fashion about the differences between generations, and Norman Martien has an amusingly written reminiscence, "Norman Mailer at Graduate School." There is a learned essay, "Burke and Marx," by Conor Cruise O'Brien, who carries his erudition lightly in the British fashion.

One has to ask, of course, what purpose is served by *New American Review*. The number of academic quarterlies and little magazines has increased since 1952, and several popular magazines have become more receptive to material that is unorthodox in subject or manner or both. There is not much in the volume, I would guess, that could not have found publication elsewhere if the *Review* had not been in existence. The chief advantage for the contributors, then, is what Solotaroff calls "a relatively mass audience." I don't know what the circulation of *New World Writing* was, but I suppose it was larger than that of even the well-known quarterlies.

There is another reason for taking satisfaction in the appearance of the *Review*. Solotaroff writes: "The key to the character—and success—of *New World Writing* was its hospitality. Wishing to appeal to as large a readership as possible, it deliberately eschewed the tendencies towards cult and coterie by which literary magazines usually define their particular territory and assert their standards." This has been Solotaroff's policy, and in consequence the first issue of the *Review* has a liveliness that can seldom be found in the quarterlies. It is off to a good start, and I wish it well.

—Granville Hicks.

FRASER YOUNG
LITERARY CRYPT No. 1257

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1257 will be found in the next issue.

ZX ZU DEL JNXXNL XY JN UZHNVX XWEV RNLNHT XY ZV-OLNEUN XWN GAEVXZXT YD JES JYYCU.

—FYHXEZLN

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1256

A bird in the hand is worth what it will bring.

—Ambrose Bierce.

LETTERS TO THE Book Review Editor

Writage

Physician, heel thyself. I'll give Joseph Jaffe this much: in his review of *The Subconscious Language* [*SR*, Aug.19] he made it all the way to the end of paragraph one before he blew his cool and commenced writing for his peers, to wit: "This is achieved by a synthesis of psychoanalytic constructs with aspects of existential psychology."

I refuse to internalize such writage.

Alden S. Wood.

Hingham, Mass.

Not *the* Dorothy Richardson

The photograph of Dorothy Richardson, accompanying Leon Edel's review in *SR*, Aug. 12, is *not* of the author of *Pilgrimage*. The woman whose likeness you reproduced was an American writer—totally unrelated to the English Dorothy Richardson—with the same first and last names. The error has been made before.

Gloria Glikin.

New York, N.Y.

Bylines

In your review of *People Who Make Movies* [*SR*, Aug. 19] the author is incorrectly listed as Theodore Thomas. The author's correct name is Theodore Taylor.

Judy Giannotti.

New York, N.Y.

In *SR* Recommends, Aug. 5, you list *Vietnam and International Law*, "edited by Richard A. Falk." This is incorrect. My friend Professor Falk is the chairman of the group of eleven international lawyers with whom I collaborated when I wrote the study, as "rapporteur" of the group. The rapporteur is the one who writes the text and then, if necessary, incorporates such changes as desired by the other members of the group. In short, I am the author, with their cooperation.

John H. E. Fried.

New York, N.Y.

Readers' Reviews

In response to Elizabeth W. Walter's letter [*SR*, Aug. 19], suggesting a new column for readers' comments on contemporary literature, we wish to commend her for this most interesting proposal and to urge its endorsement.

Mr. and Mrs. John N. Angeles.

Port Washington, Wis.

I heartily second the motion. It sounds like fun too.

Constance S. Lapham.

Garden Grove, Calif.

If you do start such a column, please don't limit it to the current or fashionable books. But please, gentlemen, give me, Mrs. Walter, and the others of our ilk a great chance to be heard.

Margot G. Britton.

Alexandria, Va.

I think that Elizabeth Walter's idea is a very good one. It is only very infrequently that readers of *SR* are in a position to write to the magazine saying that they agree or disagree with the reviewer—because they read the book months later.

Graham Parker.

Toronto, Ont.

I hope others will okay this idea too. It is a *fine* suggestion!

M. Schneider.

Huntington, N.Y.

I cannot agree that a new column could add much of value. Like our beloved Grand Canyon, let us keep *SR* as it is!

Frederick Kellerman.

Irvington, N.J.

I hope you will begin this needed feature soon.

Ned B. Tuck.

Norman, Okla.

I'm all for it.

Margaret M. O'Leary.

Washington, D.C.

Mrs. Walter's suggestion is a good one. But would it be practical? "A brief note" weeks or months after an original review might be too little and too late. There is an alternative which might be worth a trial. For books of more or less general interest, why not invite four or five *SR* subscribers, picked at random, to read a particular book? From their reports select the one that in your opinion is best for balance and style; publish it *plus* capsule comments from the others. *SR* readers would enjoy a refreshing approach to the reviewing game.

Ted G. Davy.

Toronto, Ont.

Reviews by readers would be very stimulating and afford added interest in my favorite magazine.

Johnnie Paul Sparrer.

St. Louis, Mo.

I wholeheartedly approve of Elizabeth Walter's suggestion. Such an opportunity for involvement from your readers would be in keeping with the stimulating pages of my favorite magazine.

Mrs. Peter L. Hurst.

Portland, Ore.

I think that it is a splendid idea.

Jessie Rapp.

Slinger, Wis.

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Answer to Hochhuth

Three Popes and the Jews, *by Pinchas E. Lapide (Hawthorn. 384 pp. $6.95), examines Vatican-Judaic relations during the pontificates of Pius XI, Pius XII, and John XXIII. Bernhard E. Olson, a Methodist clergyman, is director of Interreligious Affairs for The National Conference of Christians and Jews and the author of "Faith and Prejudice."*

By BERNHARD E. OLSON

ALTHOUGH this historical study by an Orthodox Jewish scholar and former Israeli diplomat discusses three pontiffs, it is apparent that Pinchas Lapide's primary intention is to reply objectively and dispassionately to criticisms of Pius XII for failure to speak out against the Nazi extermination of the Jews. The strongest condemnation was contained in Rolf Hochhuth's play *The Deputy*, which seems to have been inspired by hatred of Pope Pius (the work is not anti-Catholic, for its hero is a Jesuit). Perhaps on this account, as well as for the equally compelling reason that the most tragic event ever to befall the Jews occurred during his pontificate, Pius XII emerges as the central figure in Lapide's book. *Three Popes and the Jews* is detailed, scholarly, thorough and well balanced. The author does not gloss over Pius XII's failures. He regards the pontiff as a fallible human being, prudent, careful, concerned, and sometimes brave, a man whose judgments must be understood in the context of the power struggles and tragic social realities of his time.

Briefly, Lapide concludes that papal influence during the reign of Hitler was insufficient to undo the mischief wrought by an anti-Semitism which, for over a millennium, had worked its way into European social structures and into the fabric of the scientific, religious, and political thinking of nationalistic European Catholics. On the positive side, Lapide claims that Pius XII richly "deserves that forest in the Judean hills which kindly people in Israel proposed for him in October 1958." This memorial forest, he says, should contain 860,000 trees—the number of Jewish lives that were saved through the Pope's efforts.

Just as the author refuses to judge Pius XII apart from the conditions that circumscribed his actions, so is he equally careful to view the papal reign in historical perspective. His first three chapters trace the development of anti-Semitism in Europe, focusing on Vatican-Jewish relations until 1922 when Cardinal Ratti became Supreme Pontiff as Pius XI. The net effect of this effort is to set Pius XI, Pius XII, and John XXIII in sharp contrast to their predecessors.

This reviewer regrets that the author begins his work with a highly questionable excursion into New Testament interpretation, which may prejudice some readers against him; moreover, the other early chapters may appear wholly unrelated to the thrust of the book, although in fact they are quite pertinent.

Lapide shows that each of these three popes (despite the shortcomings of the first two) laid the groundwork for a new era in Jewish-Catholic relations. Any Christian who cherishes the Jewish roots of his faith will find it significant that "Pope Pius XI was the first and only Catholic leader since Paul of Tarsus who publicly claimed a Semitic affiliation for all Christianity." It is good to be reminded that Pius XI was outspoken against the Nazi philosophy and intent. His memorable phrases are part of our religious language ("Anti-Semitism is inadmissible; spiritually we are Semites"), yet his protests, warnings, and encyclicals made little impact upon the world until the accession of Pope John XXIII. Of Pius XI and XII, Lapide concludes: "What 200 of their predecessors had condoned or abetted, two popes could not undo."

Pius XII's efforts compare favorably with the actions of the Western nations. The British were afraid that the Nazis might halt the killings and export Jews instead, "embarrassing other countries by flooding them with refugees." Lapide agrees with America's Haim Fineman that "Many of these dead might be alive were it not for the refusals and delays by our own State Department, the Foreign Office, the International Red Cross, the War Refugee Board, and other agencies to take action."

But one vindicates nobody by blaming others. What Pius XII did, then, was to rescue by direct action as many Jews as he could and to refrain from any move that might undermine this endeavor or jeopardize the lives of other Jews. He sheltered up to 4,000 at one time in Rome's churches and in the Vatican. His representatives, with papal funds, arranged for the clothing, feeding, and escape of Jews. Churches and monasteries sheltered refugees, and identification papers and passports were provided.

Critics have contended that an unequivocal public condemnation by Pius XII of the Nazi genocide would have crippled it and perhaps brought it to a halt. Lapide concludes otherwise. The Pope was not silent in private audience, nor in diplomatic communications, nor in his instructions to strategically placed churchmen. Public utterance, however, was not merely risky but futile. The Pope realistically assessed the European situation: Germanic nationalism and anti-Semitism were so deeply rooted in German Catholic psyches that he could not have effectively appealed to them over

"It doesn't take nickels."

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the head of Hitler, who held in thrall even most of the German bishops. This adverse climate of public opinion would not be dissipated by a few words.

Lapide cites evidence that any appeal by the Pope "was not only bound to fall on deaf ears, but could reasonably have been expected also to add fuel to the homicidal passions of the New Pagans." When Radio Vatican denounced specific atrocities, reprisals followed swiftly. After the war the speaker for Radio Vatican declared that "The thought of the victims who would pay with their lives for the information we broadcast made its publication virtually impossible."

Moreover, Hitler exercised absolute control over all channels of communication in Nazi-occupied Europe. Pius's first encyclical in 1939 was published in distorted form in Germany, and priests who tried to read the original version from their pulpits were arrested. Hitler played with the possibility of taking the Pope prisoner and killing him "while trying to escape." Mussolini was prepared summarily to cut off Radio Vatican and all other papal contacts with the outside world. And neither anathemas nor threats of excommunication would have intimidated those engaged in genocide.

The section on John XXIII is deeply moving, and reveals how the labors of the two previous popes came to fruition during his pontificate. Lapide sees clearly the central problem in Christian-Jewish relations—the de-Judaizing tendency of the Christian tradition, which Pius XI was the first to reverse—and anticipates the nature of the Catholic-Jewish reconciliation and the biblical dialogue it will require between the two faiths. But he emphasizes an additional action important to such reconciliation: papal recognition of the State of Israel. His suggestion was written before the 1967 Israeli-Arab War; it may be even more pertinent now.

Orthodoxy and the Grass Roots

A Reporter Looks at American Catholicism, *by Barrett McGurn (Hawthorn. 256 pp. $5.95), looks at the changes in the Church in the U.S. since Vatican Council II, and predicts an interesting if difficult future. Paul K. Cuneo is book editor and a lay member of the editorial staff of the Jesuit weekly, America.*

By PAUL K. CUNEO

BARRETT McGURN is one of the few Catholics writing about the Church today who is not easily identified as "liberal" or "conservative." As a long-time New York *Herald Tribune* correspondent covering Catholic news in both Rome and New York, McGurn reported Church matters without revealing his personal attitudes. In *A Reporter Looks at American Catholicism* he is still committed to presenting an objective view of his one-time news beat, but here there is also room—and need—for McGurn's own evaluation.

In the first half of the twentieth century what was happening in the American Catholic Church was of no great importance to either non-Catholic Americans or non-American Catholics. The situation was pretty well summed up in casual remarks made by two widely different cardinals. The scholarly Cardinal Eugene Tisserant told McGurn that he had reported to Pius XI after a tour of the U.S. in the 1930s: "The American hierarchy has no intellectual interests!" McGurn comments, "For Tisserant, a man with a command of fifteen languages, a community withdrawn from the world of cultural and social interests was unimaginable." And, on the eve of Vatican Council II, before anyone realized that it was going to be something more than a rubber-stamp Council, Cardinal Richard Cushing arranged for a large cash donation to be carried by him to the Vatican. He told Boston friends, McGurn reports, "I'll just say, Holy Father, here's the gift of the good people of Boston, and now can I go home?'"

Barrett McGurn: "Authority had to be shared . . ."

After Vatican II, what was happening in the American Catholic Church became of great and sustained importance. In the opinion of many—some who are horrified by the thought and others who are delighted by it—the American Church (along with the Dutch Church) may possibly be shaping the Catholic Church of the future. One of the earliest indications of this special reformation was the leadership that certain American bishops and their advisers asserted at the Council. To a large extent that leadership stemmed from the often unrecognized fact that the principles of ecumenism and religious freedom solemnly and slowly proclaimed by the overwhelming vote of the world-wide Council Fathers had been worked out in practice by many Catholics at a grass-roots level in this country.

What McGurn sees as the most important problem facing the Catholic Church in America is that of developing a new relationship between laity and clergy:

> The essential transition facing the American Catholic parish in the middle Sixties was the need to reduce the almost total powers vested in the hands of pastors. Authority had to be shared out among curates and nuns inside the first parish circle, and then among the laity through parish finance committees, school boards and other control groups reaching into each phase of parish life. For many pastors and even for a large number of curates this was unthinkable. Among laymen a mixed reaction was evident: a desire to enter more deeply into the practice of their religion, and a reluctance or even an inability to subtract much time from the support of their families and their roles as citizens active inside their religiously plural communities.

This realigning of authority, which McGurn sees as so important on the parish level, is equally important on higher levels—those involving priests and their bishops, and bishops and the pope. That is why newspapers are reporting the formation of hitherto unheard of diocesan organizations of priests, and why in late September the Synod of Bishops will be meeting in Rome.

The one weakness in McGurn's book comes from an inevitable time lapse. The author is reporting on a situation that is changing rapidly. Many of the changes that have occurred since McGurn wrote the last word of this book are unimportant—the reshaping or renaming of organizations, the shifting of Church leaders from one position to another—but one is ironic. McGurn several times quotes John F. Donnelly, president of the National Council of Catholic Men, on the promising future of the layman in the

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Church; since those words were recorded Mr. Donnelly has resigned his office in protest at the lack of cooperation he was receiving from the American bishops.

A more important development that McGurn misses is the increasing number of laymen and even priests (Father James Kavanaugh, author of the best-selling *A Modern Priest Looks at His Outdated Church*, is a prime and extreme example) who have not been read out of the Church, who vigorously claim membership in it, but who simply reject out of hand one or more of its teachings. The Church's stand on birth control is among the most obvious of these; its doctrines on confession, abortion, and the liturgy of the Mass are others. In earlier years people who could not accept such tenets left the Church and no longer considered themselves Catholics. It may well be a mark of strength in the Catholic Church that it is now, in one way or another, holding on to these people. But it is equally clear that they present agitating problems to a church deeply concerned with orthodoxy.

Somewhat dated, too, is the author's presentation of Pope Paul. McGurn's picture here is of the pope he traveled with on the memorable visit to New York, a man going out to meet the contemporary world, to address the United Nations General Assembly. If McGurn were writing at this moment, he would have to portray Paul as a man still open to the twentieth century but obviously troubled by the fantastic changes sweeping over a Church that only ten years ago was a tightly buttoned affair completely under the control of Pius XII.

On his election John XXIII was widely regarded as an "interim" pope, chosen to fill the gap between the long, firm reign of Pius XII and that of a successor in the same tradition. Ironically, the pontificate of Paul VI may prove to be the real interregnum between John, who activated the great change known as the *aggiornamento*, and a pope who will be able to respond to his times with the sureness and serenity that made John such a remarkable leader.

McGurn's book is a balanced and accurate view of the American Catholic Church as of the time of writing. He has also provided a good, brief view of what the future holds in a quote from Monsignor Vincent Yzermans, then spokesman for the American bishops at their headquarters in Washington, D.C.: "There is no doubt that we will have a difficult period for ten or twenty years (until 1975 or 1985) with some bishops cracking down, and some people telling them to go to hell."

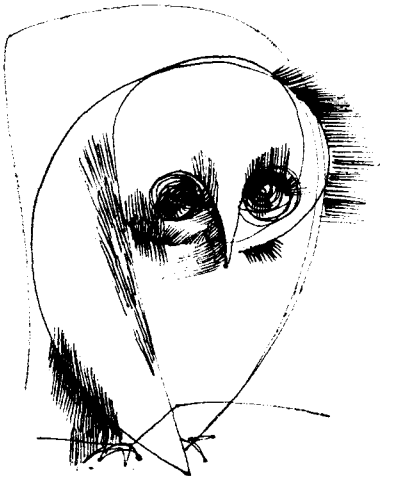
It may not be peaceful, but it should be interesting. Barrett McGurn's book is good background for anyone interested in following the developments.

Intelligentsia in Nippon

Conversations in Japan, *by David Riesman and Evelyn Thompson Riesman (Basic Books. 371 pp. $7.50), introduces the world's most closely knit establishment, the Japanese intellectual mandarinate. Frank Gibney, who lives in Tokyo, is president of Encyclopaedia Britannica (Japan). Besides the book "Five Gentlemen of Japan," he has written on Japanese subjects for the American and Japanese press.*

By FRANK GIBNEY

AFTER long exposure to books on Japanese inns, woodblock prints, prewar militarists, and flower arrangement, Americans have at last been given some first-rate reading matter on that most puzzling, least examined, and uniquely influential section of modern Japanese society: the intelligentsia. No major country enjoys (suffers under?) such a powerful intellectual mandarinate. To qualify as a member of the Japanese *interi* (the usual Japanized abbreviation for intellectual) you must have a university degree (preferably from Tokyo University or one of its closer rivals), either an academic appointment or a good editorial job, a facility for writing long, discursive articles and a willingness to comment on almost anything, a stated commitment to some form of philosophic Marxism (which need not be translated into any direct political activity) or at least the ability to conduct lengthy dialogues liberally garnished with the old-fashioned scraps of Marx or Hegel that are still served up at Japanese universities.



With this basic equipment, plus whatever genuine academic specialties and attainments he may possess, the *interi* has little trouble finding an audience. The native Japanese respect for learning runs deep. It has infused a mass-communications society to the extent that intellectual book publishing is a major industry. A popular newspaper of seven million circulation will contain cerebral articles which in the U.S. would barely squeeze into *The American Scholar*. When the Japanese intelligentsia speaks, the country listens. Indeed, you can hardly hear anything else.

This modern mandarinate—the world's most closely knit establishment—dominates Japanese relations with the outside world far more than foreigners even remotely realize. It acts as a dogmatic funnel, channeling outside intellectual contacts with the population of what will soon be the world's No. 3 industrial power. Such American establishments as the Cambridge-New York-Washington axis, of which the authors are respected members, are uninfluential by comparison, both socially and politically.

WHEN the distinguished American sociologist David Riesman and his wife, also a writer, made a visit to Japan in the fall of 1961, they decided to forego much of the physical sight-seeing so pressed on travelers by Japanese hosts in favor of an intensive tour of the Japanese people —specifically the professors, scholars, bright journalists, union officials, teachers, and students to whom they were naturally introduced. As Riesman says in his introduction: "Our involvement with Japan was not that of foreigners who had a mission or had to make a living there or of anthropologists in search of deep understanding. . . . the method of our interview with Japan, if it can be called by so rational a name, was from the outset to make interpretations as a way of organizing our experience, but hopefully not overorganizing it or defending ourselves against it."

The Riesmans' book more than lives up to this billing. It is friendly without sacrificing objectivity. While discursive, it is marvelously informative. In general, Americans (not excepting those who live in Japan) never get beyond seeing the Japanese as strange, two-dimensional figures—to be treated with awe, condescension, or humor as the occasion calls

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for. Most Japanese, their surface humility to foreigners effectively disguising a sublime inner national arrogance, bear out that impression to outsiders. The greatest accomplishment of a book like the Riesmans' is to view their Japanese *interi* acquaintances as interesting human beings – some very bright, some warm-hearted, some aloof or stubborn, with individual differences as well as an amazing national cohesiveness.

The net effect, however, is a group picture—a cluster of talented, on the whole able people with their own sets of contradictions. Liberals of long standing will worry about the national position of the emperor. Student rioters of the determinedly wild *Zengakuren* groups will, a few months after graduation, peacefully turn into Mitsubishi organization men. People with basic sympathy for American culture will retain residual antipathy towards any American international position. As a result, perhaps, of their learning-by-rote educational process the *interi* are extraordinarily doctrinaire in their world-view. The Japanese Marxist, for example, still finds it hard to believe that the American people are not completely cowed and dominated by a capitalist power-élite, which is in turn allied with Japanese capitalists, etc., etc. As Riesman discovered, a struggling Marxist publication in the States will actually have more Japanese readers than American—but the Japanese *interi* are not aware of this. C. Wright Mills remains *their* Bobby Kennedy.

The Japanese mandarins cut themselves off from participation in organic politics, although they love demonstrations. Yet, if contemptuous of politicians, they have, one feels, a hankering after political influence, in the world as well as their nation. Riesman notes "the tensions within educated Japanese between feelings of total powerlessness on the world scene and feelings of grandiosity." One by-product of this is the immense gulf between the Japanese intellectual's willingness to criticize and his readiness to assume responsibility.

David Riesman energetically trampled through the canebrake of interminable discussions (formal and informal), braving both the problem of language and the maddening one of Japanese studied politeness. (". . . he listened with great attentiveness—although what that means in this polite culture among these exceedingly intelligent men is hard to say.") He and his wife arrived at a particularly critical time, barely a year after the violent student riots against the U.S.-Japan Security Treaty and the projected visit of President Eisenhower. With typical *a priori* reasoning, the Japanese *interi*, almost universally Leftist (though hardly in the American Communist sense), viewed Americans as virtual agents of imperialism, McCarthyism, and any other ism then under attack in the intellectual monthlies. Riesman's visit helped clear the air a great deal, and there is no doubt that he and his perceptive wife were the most effective kind of international ambassadors.

In the years since the visit the efforts of former Ambassador Edwin Reischauer and other like-minded souls, both Japanese and American, restored or—better—created a genuine intellectual dialogue between the modern Japanese intelligentsia and Americans. Rising prosperity along with some interesting currents within Japanese business and the majority conservative party have shown the flimsy base of so many fears of a new Fascism, Right-wing ascendancy and depression, which Riesman's interlocutors were so quick to discuss. Moreover, although Japanese feel even less comfortable about Vietnam now than they did then, the angry noises of the Red Guards have drowned out many of the hopeful words once said about Peking. It is hard to find good student demonstrators these days (although the rate for demonstrators has been upped considerably) and the nationwide strike last October against U.S. policy in Vietnam was a dismal failure: most people went to the beach instead.

So in this sense the Riesmans' book is dated. Nor should it be relied on as *the* one book to read about Japan. The authors readily admit that their acquaintanceship was necessarily limited. They didn't meet many businessmen, many bureaucrats, nor too many professors outside of Tokyo and Kyoto universities.

Yet this very limitation is a value. In their bright, well-reasoned, and good-humored journal—which owes much to Mrs. Riesman's quick eye and sharp descriptive faculty—they introduce us, just about for the first time, to one very important segment of one very important country's society, on whom a good bit of future world history may depend. Besides that, the Riesmans' Japanese friends turn out to be stimulating people.

Eden Down Under

Their Shining Eldorado: A Journey Through Australia, *by Elspeth Huxley (Morrow. 432 pp. $6.95), portrays the lives of postwar emigrants in a fiercely egalitarian and masculine society. Orville Prescott is an inveterate overseas traveler.*

By ORVILLE PRESCOTT

THE SUN-TANNED young man stood on the steps of an office building and said to the inquisitive writer: "It's too good to last. I've got it all—a good job, my own home just the way I planned it, a pretty wife, healthy kids, the garden's coming on nicely, at weekends I go fishing, I enjoy my work. This is what human beings always have wanted, and now I have it and it's wonderful!"

Without realizing it he spoke for many: the millions of emigrants who have gone to Australia since World War II. His Eden may be only a lower-middle-class version of surburbia in a warm climate, but it is obviously superior to the life he had known in Europe with its crowds, pressures, poverty, economic insecurity, and political strife. Of the present population nearly one person in five was born elsewhere and arrived in Australia after 1945.

This kind of information makes Elspeth Huxley's *Their Shining Eldorado* interesting and enlightening, while her insatiable curiosity and literary craftsmanship make it lively and entertaining. But Mrs. Huxley frequently allows her enthusiasm for agricultural technology to run away with her. Her book is longer than it need have been, and repetitious in spots. Nevertheless, it covers an astonishing amount of material.

Elspeth Huxley is versatile and impressively industrious: she has written

—From the book.

Typical nineteenth-century Australian small-town corner building.

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—From "Their Shining Eldorado."

Entrance to Sydney Harbor, New South Wales.

porch, imitation carriage lanterns, built-in aquariums floodlit in lurid colors, gnomes on the lawn—it is all very satisfying and greatly admired." She is concerned about the aborigines, and worried about the slaughter of the kangaroos by professional hunters. (Kangaroo meat is exported to Japan or processed into pet food.)

So many subjects are discussed in *Their Shining Eldorado* that it seems more comprehensive than it is. Yet many major matters are either not considered or mentioned only briefly. Mrs. Huxley has not written about politics, about labor unions in politics, about business and finance, about the press, about defense, or about the Australian passion for sports. Hers is a personal book, and a good one. It is a fine introduction to a country about which most of us know little. And it is a book where skipping is no sin: if you don't care about lead mines, skip to koala bears.

novels, histories, reportorial investigations of Africa, two enchanting books of reminiscence about her childhood and youth in Kenya, and much journalism. Her present volume is an account of a strenuous journey that took her from Sidney to Perth, from Arnhem Land to Tasmania. With tireless energy she interviewed farmers, miners, architects, painters, factory workers, wilderness pioneers, ornithologists and zoologists.

"I have not tried to give a balanced picture," she says modestly, "merely some personal observations about some of the people, places, and things that interested me most and came my way." What interested Mrs. Huxley most were the sheep and cattle ranchers in the dust, drought, and desert of the outback; the fiercely egalitarian tone of Australian society, with labor unions ruling the roost and masculine "mateship" condemning most women to a lonely, dreary life in the kitchen and nursery; the problems of conservation in a continent largely desert, and the plight of birds and animals in danger of extinction.

About these and many other topics Mrs. Huxley writes well, sketching thumbnail portraits of individuals, quoting typical opinions, describing people and places with a fine eye for visual detail. Australia, she reports, is a success. Its government is democratic and stable. Its economy prospers. Most of its new citizens find work and adjust themselves to a different kind of society. There is even a boom in painting, and a number of Australian artists are selling their pictures for high prices.

Even so, Mrs. Huxley seems to find Australia a fine place to visit rather than to live. She is definitely unhappy about the lot of the women in "a man's country." She is more surprised than pleased by the "Featurism" of Australian domestic architecture: "Polyvinyl tiles in different colors, Venetian blinds with each louvre painted a different pastel shade, mock-Tudor beams and stucco walls, ornamental ironwork above the

Return to Kasos

The Feasts of Memory: A Journey to a Greek Island, *by Elias Kulukundis (Holt, Rinehart & Winston. 241 pp. $5.95), recounts a voyage back to the source of the author's ethos. Harry Mark Petrakis has written about Greek Americans in his novels "Pericles on 31st Street" and "A Dream of Kings."*

By HARRY MARK PETRAKIS

ELIAS KULUKUNDIS, grandson of two Kasiot sea captains, did not see his ancestral island, Kasos, in the Dodecanese, until 1964, when he was twenty-seven years old. He had never lived there, and neither had his parents. Though Kasiots they were born on Syros, an isle 200 miles away, as a result of the grandparents having been made homeless during the revolution against the Turks.

There is a Greek word for exile, Kulukundis reminds us, which does not exist in other languages. It is "xenitia," which is not exactly exile because it can be self-imposed, and not estrangement because there is no spiritual estrangement. Xenitia is simply the loss of the native land.

Thus Kulukundis's journey from the United States to Kasos with his Uncle George becomes a voyage of discovery and revelation. "The island is like me," he writes, "and the island's life is like my life." Through the reactions of Uncle George he sees the ways in which Kasos has changed, the ways in which it has remained the same, an island still living by its ships.

The old family tales are re-examined: in the blazing light of the Kasiot sun what was actually told and what was made up become visible in a forest where myth blends into fact.

There is the fate of the venerated Dr. Nikolakis, betrothed to one girl on the same night his mother betrothed him to another, both daughters of fierce Kasiot families with fathers and brothers eagerly willing to kill for any real or imagined stain upon their honor.

And there is the vendetta of the virago, Elias's grandmother, who as a young woman crying for vengeance against the murderer of her husband did not care that the guilty family chose an innocent son to face death because he was the youngest and unmarried. She waits with her eight small children beneath the scaffold while the condemned man crawls from child to child imploring their mercy, for the judges will reprieve him the instant one weakens or begins to cry. But the virago believes that a murdered man who is not avenged finds no rest in death but endlessly wanders the earth, and she has forged her young children into a frozen, terror-stricken line; not one of the eight weakens or cries.

THE struggle of modern Greece derives from centuries of misery under Arab, Venetian, Turkish, and Italian rule. From the time of the forming of the new Greek nation in 1830, eighty-three years were to pass before the assimilation of Crete and the liberation of some of the Aegean islands, and after that thirty-five years more before the Dodecanese islands were subjoined. The Greek word Enosis symbolizes not merely the freeing of a people but the spiritual return of children to their mother.

Yet when all else seems to have been achieved, the anguish of xenitia remains, the endless wandering, one search becoming another, while we seek to find the life we discern beyond the sun.

In the end, with a poet's vision, Elias Kulukundis comes to understand that our journeys are eternal. "Since there is no arrival or departure for us, no beginning and no journey's end, since we are doomed to sail the sea interminably between the past and the future, I can leave the journey only in a way-station."

This is a book that enriches our memories, enlightens our quests, and soothes for a while our own xenitia.

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The Life and Death of a Meteor

—From "The Later Work of Aubrey Beardsley," plate 153.

Silhouette of Beardsley (above), and Merlin from "Le Morte d'Arthur" (below).

—From "The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley," plate 67.

Beardsley: A Biography, *by Stanley Weintraub (Braziller. 285 pp. $6),* ***Under the Hill,*** *by Aubrey Beardsley and John Glassco (Grove. 140 pp. $3.95),* ***The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley*** *(Dover. 157 pp. Paperback, $2.50),* ***The Later Work of Aubrey Beardsley*** *(Dover. 174 pp. Paperback, $2.50), and* ***The Collected Drawings of Aubrey Beardsley,*** *edited by Bruce S. Harris (Crescent/Crown. 212 pp. $2.98), among them delineate a meteoric artist of the Nineties, who has recently again come into vogue. Arthur Darack is the book and art editor of the Cincinnati Enquirer.*

By ARTHUR DARACK

AUBREY BEARDSLEY had an early rendezvous with death, a late one with fame. In his lifetime—not quite twenty-six years—he achieved notoriety and a sometimes grudging recognition. That mordant master Max Beerbohm cheered him on without reservation, but he had a mixed reception from other critics and artists. William Morris recognized only his decorative aspect, whereas Burne-Jones thought him no less than a genius.

Stanley Weintraub, who has already produced Beardsley books—as editor of *The Savoy: Nineties Experiment* and *The Yellow Book*, both publications being excerpts of the journals that brought Beardsley his notoriety—has produced the third in his series of popular but scholarly biographies. The first was *Private Shaw and Public Shaw* on T. E. Lawrence and the G. B. Shaws; the second, *Reggie: Portrait of Reginald Turner.*

Beardsley, as described by Robert Ross, then a twenty-three-year-old art critic, "was full of Molière and *Manon Lescaut* . . . ; he seemed disappointed that none of us was musical; but he astonished by his knowledge of Balzac an authority on the subject . . . He spoke much of the National Gallery and the British Museum, both of which he knew with extraordinary thoroughness."

Aged nineteen at this time, Beardsley made the first of several real yet symbolic trips to Paris, where much of his style originated: in Baudelaire, in the Japanese printmakers enjoying great vogue. There, too, he evolved the bold, sometimes pornographic subjects and treatments; his hermaphroditic inventions, "bosomy eunuchs" and other freakish, peacocklike creatures that glittered, smirked, and exchanged icily fey lusts.

Beardsley's relationship with Oscar Wilde, the cause of a temporary disaster, was the source of his illustrations for the latter's play *Salome*, which included some of the artist's best work. Beardsley was the mainstay of *The Yellow Book*, designed and written to outrage lingering Victorian morals and tastes. At the time of Wilde's trials *The Yellow Book* was called "the Oscar Wilde of periodicals," and Beardsley, judged guilty by association, was dismissed in an effort to save it by making it respectable. Already fatally ill with tuberculosis, he was left unemployed and depressed.

He regained hope in 1896 when *The Savoy* was inaugurated to replace *The Yellow Book*, with Beardsley as art editor. After only eight issues, despite such contributors as Havelock Ellis, Joseph Conrad, and Yeats, *The Savoy* died. Beardsley lingered two more years, during which the signs of death hovered over him daily, wearing him down to a skeleton.

Weintraub conscientiously narrates every facet of Beardsley's sickly, wavering history and his meteoric career; he tells about his family and the great ones of English arts and letters with whom Beardsley consorted.

Although he had once thought that writing was his first talent (he had also been a piano prodigy), *Under the Hill*, an unfinished parodistic account of Tannhäuser and Venus, is Beardsley's sole claim to literary fame. Its style recalls that of another master of the perfumed circumlocution, Ronald Firbank, who admitted his debt to the book and enthusiasm for it. The Canadian poet John Glassco has now added nine chapters (almost half the total work). He succeeds in maintaining Beardsley's heavily

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

ITALISH

Each of the dozen missing words is (a) the Italian for the word at its left, and (b) an English synonym or metonym for the word at its right (for example—*floor*: PIANO: *instrument*). Your challenger is Lorraine Reitano of Hammonton, N.J.; flunkers may turn to page 62.

bread	_____	section	stand	_____	gaze
bee	_____	mimic	dog	_____	stick
sea	_____	horse	two	_____	owing
illness	_____	man	sun	_____	fish
praise	_____	deposit	health	_____	greet
peace	_____	step	make	_____	charge

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scented style, which is full of word games, foreign phrases, and exotica, the whole of it an erotic jest. Beardsley's writing, like his drawing, revealed his penchant for luxuriant ornamentation and the opposite capacity to reduce an object to a few simple lines.

H. C. Marillier, who knew him and appreciated his work, provides an introduction for *The Early Work of Aubrey Beardsley*. Apparent in the drawings and water colors are an operatic influence (he was always close to music, especially Wagner) and the beginnings of the later integrated style. The sketches, drawings, and portraits of famous people—Verdi, Zola, Ellen Terry, among them—; *Le Morte d'Arthur* illustrations, the designs and illustrations for many other books, periodicals, and incidental pieces reflect the artist on the threshold of the feverish imagination and virtuoso technique of the *Salome* illustrations, with which the book ends.

The Later Works of Aubrey Beardsley begins with the artist's contributions to *The Yellow Book*, followed by other designs, portraits, scenes, and sketches. Again music retains its hold, with a complex work illustrating an edition of Chopin's "Ballade Opus 47" and Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde*. Included are all save the pornographic drawings for *Lysistrata*—the *Savoy* illustrations, portraits of Mendelssohn and other personages, self-portraits, and miscellaneous works.

The Collected Drawings of Aubrey Beardsley contains an appreciation by Arthur Symons, plus the pornographic drawings for *Lysistrata*, the suppressed drawings for *Salome*, and— to further the illicit spice of the volume as well as its voluptuary stance—some of the known forgeries. "The Rape of the Lock," with its clear, delicate tracery, is here in completion.

Thus one needs to own all three of these books of illustrations for a full visual (and erotic) appreciation of Beardsley. For a literary, intellectual, and critical appreciation, the Weintraub is recommended highly. Surely, though, we are now no longer in need of more Aubrey Beardsley exegesis.

Ladies of Gomorrah: Much that I would say about Colette's *The Pure and the Impure* (translated from the French by Herma Briffault; Farrar, Straus & Giroux, $4.75) has already been said by Janet Flanner in her introduction. The book was written at the end of the 1920s, when Colette was in her late fifties, famous and happy. She could look back upon people and events, serene in the knowledge of her achievements as a writer and as a woman. The subject of her book is sex, particularly the sort "that dares not speak its name." From the point of view of form the book is unique in Colette's writing, being neither novel nor essay but something like a rambling conversation full of portraits, anecdotes, and parables—a conversation so real that one can almost hear that deep, rich voice from Burgundy.

She often reproduces other talks—the chats she has had on the subject of sex with some silver-haired Don Juan, with a bunch of young queers, or with an old war horse of the theater who remembers in her youth leaving "a sleeping and satiated sultan and going on foot, veiled, through the night streets of Constantinople" to keep a rendezvous with another woman. Some of Colette's interlocutors are not named; some are given aliases; others, like Marguerite Moreno (star of *Madwoman of Chaillot*), are famous people presented without disguise. But all are actual persons, I'm sure, and what they say could well be verbatim.

Moreno gossips with Colette about masculine and feminine streaks in character; the aged actress explains with ribald anecdote how no proper Lesbian ever forgets that she is a woman; Monsieur X demonstrates how wrong it is to give presents or receive them; Colette holds forth directly on the subject of jealousy. On the nature and mores of love the conversation provides an extremely rich documentation.

If Colette thought that this book might be her greatest, it was for such documentation and for all the insights it gives concerning those pleasures "lightly called physical." I doubt if she realized how much her eternal verities would one day seem enhanced by their time-marked settings. Thus the account of Charlotte, who accompanied her love-making with rapturous vocalizing, sets before our eyes modernistic interiors and cocottes in cloche hats. The flapper age is the general period of the book, and the transvestites wear bell-bottom pants with their tuxedos. But some of the chapters date from farther back. Renée Vivien died in 1908, and Colette's recollections of that Sapphic poet, veiled in purple, "her throat encircled with moonstones," evoke the hothouse elegance of the turn of the century.

In the midst of her own memories Colette introduces an anecdote from history, the tale of two English girls who, in 1778, ran away together and lived for fifty contented years in a bucolic retreat in Wales. They in their coal-scuttle hats, like others in riding habit and monocle and still others in garage overalls—ladies of Gomorrah all—pass before Colette's amused and understanding gaze. And she observes with a sigh, "Sex is less tyrannical than the tobacco habit, but it gains on one."

—Laurent LeSage.

"Do you suppose I am being relayed by Early Bird satellite?"

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He Loved Gadgets and Good Earth

The City and the Mountains, *by Eça de Queiroz, translated from the Portuguese by Roy Campbell (Ohio University Press. 217 pp. $4.50), weighs the sophisticated life of fin-de-siècle Paris against the simplicity and tranquillity of provincial Portugal. Robert J. Clements has lectured in Portugal on comparative literature for the USIS.*

By ROBERT J. CLEMENTS

EÇA DE QUEIROZ (1845-1900) is conventionally pigeonholed as the foremost Portuguese novelist of the last century. The natural son of a magistrate who was also a writer, he studied at Coimbra, and at twenty-seven began a comfortable diplomatic career that took him to Cuba, Newcastle, and Paris. As it was to many contemporaries in his homeland, Paris was for Eça the *caput mundi,* and he settled there for the last twelve years of his life.

Honing his pen on poetry and prose poems, he brought to Portugal the spirit of Nerval, Baudelaire, and Heine (who also settled and died in Paris), while the special realism of Flaubert and the sociology of Proudhon influenced his novels, informing them with "social objectivity." "Man," he explained, "is the product of an environment which shapes him. The novelist should consequently not concern himself with the individual or exceptional protagonist, but rather with the typical case of an institution or milieu." Like the nineteenth-century Russian realists he cried, *"Abaixo os heróis!"* ("Down with heroes"). Practicing his preachments, he wrote novels probing clerical influence in a provincial town (*The Sin of Father Amaro*), the urban life of Lisbon's petite bourgeoisie (*Cousin Bazilio*), and many another "institution and milieu."

The City and the Mountains (*A Cidade e as serras*) confronts not one but two great social issues. Do the advances of science and technology bring man greater happiness? Does city or country living bring the greater contentment? The book has a delightful, dynamic hero who refuses to be toned down in the interests of social polemics. Jacinto, friend of the narrator, is a young Portuguese prince who has emigrated to the Champs-Elysées, where he may enjoy not only the intense life of the capital but also its technological conveniences: "his telegraph, telephone, gramophone, radiometer, typewriter, calculating machine, electric press, magnetic one, all his tubes, wires, and strings." Jacinto even possesses a theaterphone, which functions like a modern radio, bringing the newest plays and concerts to his salon. Sometimes one of his gadgets misbehaves; but Jacinto has become so citified that a brisk hour's drive through the Bois leaves him depressed. Thus the first phase of the book (incorporated in the first half of the title) seems to suggest that technology does bring man happiness and the city is best.

The novel's second part begins when Jacinto is called back to the sierras for a reburial of ancestral ashes. He finds himself eating peasant fare and enjoying it. His health and disposition improve. He marries a country girl (Eça himself took no such chances: he married an aristocrat) and sires two children. The narrator comments, "And indeed it did seem to me, as we made our way along the lanes and through the quiet cultivated countryside, that my Prince, sunburned by the noonday heats and the wind of the mountains, and that sweet and loving mother, my cousin Joaninha with her two first-born, and I were at last treading an everlasting, solid earth . . . our souls at peace with God."

THE Portuguese critic Antonio Saraiva finds that this novel doesn't ring true. The trouble is the sophisticated Paris of the 1890s which fascinated Jacinto also attracted Eça; the worldly Portuguese diplomat who chose Paris failed to convince either his readers or himself of rural superiority. Nor has mankind in general remained convinced. In 1901, when the novel appeared posthumously, four-fifths of the West's population dwelled on farms. Now the situation has almost reversed, and Eça has unwittingly shown us why.

The considerable space devoted to the technology of the 1890s is an accurate testimony to the cult of science that swept over that decade, when Curel (in a play written during the year *The City and the Mountains* was being completed) hailed science as "the new idol," and even new religions were soberly called sciences. One could pay Eça the hackneyed tribute always accorded Verne – that he anticipated inventions such as the radio. The relationship between material progress and man's happiness had already been explored in the *Morgadinha dos Cannaviaes* of Julio Diniz and in Pereda's *Peñas arriba,* but Eça found it hard to be objective. Jacinto's telephones jangled too often, his dumb-waiter jammed, his boilers burst, and his gadgets developed quirks during his champagne parties. Yet Jacinto's high life among his cronies and cocottes comprises the more interesting half of the novel.

ONE final observation. Portuguese literary historians often credit Eça de Queiroz with inventing a new technique of the novel. Today's reader, however, will find the novelist here exploiting the most conventional forms. Those accustomed to the extreme experimentation of the contemporary novel and anti-novel are pleasantly surprised to find that they can enjoy such an old-fashioned mode of storytelling. Maybe this has something to do with Oscar Wilde's claim that ancient things eventually begin to look new.

The translation, like the book itself, is posthumous. The English-speaking world lost a master of the art in Roy Campbell.

Traveling Game

Going to Jerusalem, *by Jerome Charyn (Viking. 180 pp. $4.95), concerns a fantastic naval academy in Brooklyn, a six-year-old genius, and a madcap chess exhibition tour of the U.S. Literary critic Samuel Irving Bellman is professor of language arts at California State Polytechnic College, Pomona.*

By SAMUEL I. BELLMAN

PRIVATE visions do not always make public benefits. Esthetic distance is all right in its way, but not when it promotes stumbling blocks and credibility gaps. A broad canvas in a novel prevents boredom and yet invites divided attention. All of which points may be quite irrelevant today with the increasing importance of that amazing new literary art form, the subliminal novel.

Jerome Charyn's *Going to Jerusalem,* a wild, zany mélange of sketches, revelations, and epistles, is just such a work. Too disorganized for the narrow, conventional taste, this novel calls up moods and responses below the threshold of consciousness. The book's jacket speaks true: symbols are not forced on the reader, and the parts of the story have more than surface meaning. We are not dealing here with Hemingway's story-iceberg, or the myths and icons of Freud, Jung, and Fiedler.

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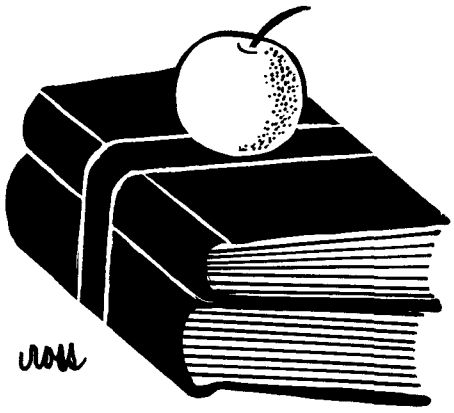
There is not even a convenient Jamesian "figure in the carpet." Charyn, like the central characters in his book, travels a tortuous road to self-discovery in which purpose, direction, markers, and right-of-way fade into a kaleidoscopic blur.

The school, the chess genius, the road show—these are the three focal points of Charyn's subliminal novel. The school is the South Brooklyn Military Academy (the "Castle"), an incredible naval institute for young boys and adolescent dropouts. Its proprietor is an elderly tyrant called the Admiral, whose despised epileptic son, Ivan, narrates much of the story, for no apparent reason. The chess genius is six-year-old Cadet Walter Van Buren, a remarkably precocious boy whose mother, Hope, a wayward nymphomaniac, provides the sex interest. The road show is a chess exhibition tour dreamed up by the Admiral to enable young Walter to show off his abilities, mostly by following another chess-circuit rider, an aged, ex-Nazi champion named Baldur Kortzfleisch, and defeating him as often as possible. Ivan, despite his low standing with his father, is Walter's chaperon and tutor. Oddly enough, Kortzfleisch, in many ways an unsavory and unlikable character, is treated by the author with tenderness and high regard, as if he is not what he seems to be in the story.

At some of the scheduled stops Kortzfleisch fails to appear, and not much of Walter's tour—which Hope Van Buren joins after she is justifiably kicked out by her husband—seems to add up to anything, at least on the epidermal layer of the story. At the end the reader is left hanging in mid-air.

The high point of the novel is Ivan's encounter with three Negro minstrels, who put on a series of allegorical impromptu acts to express their social protest. Here Charyn is at his best and funniest, and we get the idea that there must be rhyme and reason behind the going-to-Jerusalem traveling game. Perhaps the cruel father (the Admiral), the feckless epileptic Ivan, and the six-year-old chess genius really represent Dostoevskian ideas about good and evil, struggle and strife, that can no longer be meaningfully expressed in conventional terms. This would explain the lack of resolution in the plot and the steady hinting of something big about to happen that never quite does.



Crumbling Corner of Empire: For his ninth novel Maurice Edelman, a Labour Member of Parliament, has drawn upon his insider's knowledge of British colonial politics to tell a convincing, often exciting tale of a crumbling Caribbean corner of the British empire. In *Shark Island* (Random House, $4.95) he solidly, often sensitively has created some believable people (except for all of his childlike blacks), but his book suffers from its similarity to Alec Waugh's *Island in the Sun*.

Both novels utilize the same themes—a full quota of sex (extramarital and interracial), sun, Caribbean color, violence, and colonial politics—to gift-wrap a neat message. If Mr. Edelman's novel had been published first, Mr. Waugh's would have had to endure the comparison.

Edgar Morritt, British administrator of Shark Island, is a man at a crossroads. Like a wise father he rules his mainly Negro population with a firm but kindly hand, taking pride in their naïve goodness. He treats his crippled wife with just about as much passion.

Then a nest of snakes appears in his paradise. An old school foe, now an ambitious visiting Minister, arrives looking for any means to get the islanders off the Queen's dole. A shady American turns up with a development scheme that would accomplish this, but the idea of a gambling casino, upon which the plan is based, is anathema to Morritt and the Christian natives. The local salt-workers organize a union and go on strike. Pressure from the Home Office seeks to force Morritt to overrule the island legislative council to permit construction of the casino.

As if these were not enough problems to juggle, Morritt complicates matters further by weathering a tropical storm with the Minister's wife and then taking up with a pretty American anthropologist. His ignored wife meanwhile continues her sorry affair with the Jamaican houseboy. And, not unexpectedly, murder and rioting occur.

Like a noble lion, Morritt may lose the battle but he retains his dignity and sense of propriety. Like a Labour M.P., Mr. Edelman concludes with a speech that should raise Hear! Hear!'s in the gallery on behalf of the dignity of the individual, even with the realization that societies must adapt to a changing world. —Joseph Haas.

Soul Space to Let: If you don't happen to have much of a soul or essence or whatever they call it on your level of sophistication, you can be pretty sure that someone else's (too strong or too big to be contained) will push in and take you over. That's the basis of a spate of Gothic tales of all ages, of much modern psychological writing, and of a purring, disturbing little first novel by John Gooding, *People of Providence Street* (Viking, $4.50).

Because her mother died at her birth, the pathetic protagonist, Tue, was christened "Tueuse," meaning killer, by her madly vindictive father. His persistent persecution (he "beat his daughters as if they were boys") drove Tue's soul out of her and left her wandering about all her days with a "To Let" sign around her neck, advertising to any with overcrowded soul space that hers was vacant and waiting. It seemed to this reader, however, that Tue would have done better to allow her soul space to be filled by something other than the thin mist called remorse with which she enters the story.

After a brief ecstasy of marriage to immigrant Adam Wilkonski, with whom she had almost succeeded in merging herself, Tue was deserted by her handsome, fortune-hunting Pole. Orphaned, abandoned, and haunted by the ghost of her mother, Tue began to beat the sofa on which she and Adam had sat together. "Soon the sofa began to return her blows; it struck her down until she was stretched on the floor."

And so she moved to Providence Street, which was ruled by those two deadly enemies, Miss Budden and Mrs. Groot, and took a job in The Library. The vulturine spinster, Miss Budden, wanted Tue to spend her days collaborating with her on her holy books—and the Falstaffian sensualist, Mrs. Groot, wanted her to dream her days away as the soft-skinned recipient of her gross caresses. Either course seems preferable to the one Tue chose—to languish in a loony bin compulsively painting jagged pictures of a mother she had never seen.

There is more melodrama and more confusion in this novel than insanity alone can account for, but the author, a young assistant lecturer at the University of Edinburgh, writes a deceptively calm and rhythmic prose that runs on for pages in a pleasant stream from which serpents suddenly rise to snap at bats. If you've a taste for the morbid cuddled in excellent prose, Gooding's your man. I wonder what he will do for an encore.

—Nicholas Samstag.

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The Horse Thief and the Historian

Two Leggings: The Making of a Crow Warrior, *by Peter Nabokov (Crowell. 226 pp. $6.95), and* ***Miracle Hill: The Story of a Navaho Boy,*** *by Emerson Blackhorse Mitchell and T. D. Allen (University of Oklahoma Press. 230 pp. $5.95), relate the lives and dreams of two American Indians born a century apart. Meredith Brown, a lawyer in New York City, has worked and traveled in Crow and Navaho country.*

By MEREDITH BROWN

TWO LEGGINGS, a Crow born some 120 years ago in Montana, sought to gain renown by killing Indians of other tribes and stealing their horses. Emerson Blackhorse Mitchell, a Navaho born in New Mexico in 1945, seeks, in his own words, "to put the past history in writing so it will always be remembered someday." The two men, for all the difference in their lives, share ways of thinking: dreams give shape to their ambitions, omens act as markers on their separate paths. These similarities in thought and dissimilarities in goals tell much about the changing life of the Western Indian in the past century.

Towards the end of his long life Two Leggings recounted the story of his raids and fasts, his hunts and his growth to manhood, to William Wildschut, a businessman in Billings, Montana. Wildschut's manuscript had lain for forty years in the archives of the Museum of the American Indian before being extensively edited, condensed, and annotated by Peter Nabokov, a reporter for the Santa Fe *New Mexican*. The result, handsomely put together with maps and photographs of assorted chiefs and medicine bundles, is a crisp, unexaggerated re-creation of the life of a nineteenth-century Plains Indian warrior.

Two Leggings was not a big-timer. He never led a large raid or took part in a major battle. Other Crows earned fame in their tribe and hatred from other tribes by acting as scouts for Son of the Morning Star, as the Crows called Custer. Not so Two Leggings, who rarely mentions a white man in the course of his story.

His narrative is remarkable not because he was outstanding, but because he was so typical. As Nabokov puts it, his ambition was "completely culturally defined and . . . culturally predictable." Two Leggings was an unsuccessful Crow Organization Man. He wanted to be a chief: to lead the braves on raids for scalps and horses, to have the women dance and sing his praises on his return to camp. He failed; but this account of his unsuccessful efforts is a handbook to the values and patterns of leadership in a culture that flourished less than 100 years ago.

Courage was an element in this leadership, and Two Leggings was abundantly brave. He went on his first raid, against the Blackfeet, when he was fourteen, and thereafter as often as he could, cutting horses loose from the tepees of sleeping enemies, stampeding whole herds of the enemy's horses, scalping Sioux, Piegans, Flatheads, Cheyennes. His deeds, individually impressive, grow wearisome by sheer weight of numbers.

What every Plains Indian chief needed, and what Two Leggings lacked, was a strong vision of his own in which powerful beings from the other world—the Without Fires—would reveal sacred songs and the ingredients of a medicine bundle that would keep the dreamer safe and confound his enemies. Two Leggings tried to achieve such a vision. He steamed himself in sweat lodges and bathed, since the Without Fires did not like the smell of men; he fasted for days on end; he took part in the Sun Dance, leaning his full weight against thongs run through the flesh of his chest. During one fast he hacked off the end of his left index finger as an offering, praying "that some bird of the sky or animal of the earth would eat it and give me good medicine." Of course, he had dreams as the result of his exertions—dreams that taught him medicine songs and where to find buffalo or enemies. But he did not feel his visions were the real thing; in the end, he had to buy his medicine bundle with accompanying songs from a medicine man named Looks at a Bull's Penis.

In 1888 Two Leggings led four warriors on the last Crow raid. They stole several horses, and Two Leggings shot and scalped a Sioux in accordance with a dream he had had the night before. It was his last successful dream; as Two Leggings said to Wildschut, explaining why he ended his story with that raid, "Nothing happened after that. We just lived. There were no more war parties, no capturing of horses from the Piegans and the Sioux, no buffalo to hunt. There is nothing more to tell."

Close to sixty years after the last Crow raid Emerson Blackhorse Mitchell was born near Shiprock, New Mexico, in the Navaho reservation, the strongest outpost of Indian culture in the United States. When Two Leggings died in 1923 surviving Crows numbered fewer than 2,000; there are not many more than 3,000 living today. In 1868 there may have been 15,000 Navahos. A century later they have increased to 100,000, with newspapers and radio programs in their own language; they have their own roads and police, their own oil and gas and uranium, their own capital.

"Well, how were things in the little world of George F. Goodhue III today?"

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Emerson Blackhorse Mitchell—"Broneco," as he calls himself in his autobiography—did not know a word of English until 1951, when his grandmother taught him a few phrases. He was inflamed by an ambition as strong as it was different from that of Two Leggings: he wanted to write in English. The path was as hard for Broneco as it had been for Two Leggings. If he endured no unsuccessful fasts and mortifications of the flesh, he experienced the humiliation of not knowing how to use a knife and fork at school, and the hardship of meeting and making friends with strangers—Navahos not of his family, Indians not of his tribe, even whites. Above all he had to cope with the English language, so different in concept from his native tongue.

Broneco made it through school. At eighteen he entered the Institute of American Indian Arts in Santa Fe. Mrs. T. D. Allen, who teaches creative writing at the Institute, assigned her pupils to tell the story of their lives up to the age of thirty. *Miracle Hill* is Broneco's response to that assignment. He did not write about the future "because he feared, if he did . . . , the day may not come." But he did describe his childhood and his education.

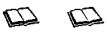
He had never scalped men or stolen horses, though he herded his grandmother's sheep, killed a fox with a bow and arrow, and tamed a bronco before he was seven. Like Two Leggings, he had dreams that came true; but where Two Leggings had visions of buffalo and enemies, Broneco once dreamed that he would meet a Navaho high school band known as The Shades.

Mrs. Allen has left Broneco's story in his own words. The sentences sometimes merely sound garbled: "they play the most unusual melody that I rarely hear in the most orchestra." Sometimes their oddness has liveliness and charm: " 'Frankie, close the door quick. The cold blowing air gives me the tingling affection up my spine,' said Delores." Always he shows an interest in sensory details: " 'Why don't you look where you're going?' said a girl with her hair brushed up like a tumbleweeds. Her face with plenty pale of makeup, and her lip as if she had drunken at least a cup of blood."

Broneco's tale is not for the general reader. The language is too strange; there is little incident and less characterization; he does not even give enough information about his family and his people. Broneco is completely silent, for example, about the dances and songs and sand-paintings of the Navaho. This may be discretion, but indiscretion would be more readable.

Yet the story is a hopeful one. At its close Broneco has the life-shaping vision that Two Leggings was denied. Broneco dreams of a stranger on the hill near his grandmother's home, the Miracle Hill of the title. On awakening he goes out and meets the visitor who turns into the distant Shiprock. As Broneco interprets the vision, beyond the Navaho world of Miracle Hill is the other mountain of the white man's life. Broneco must learn to climb both.

The vision Two Leggings sought is of a world that died. Broneco's vision is of a world that lives.



"The Squaw Kid": In 1948, on a ranch west of Missoula, Montanan Bennett H. Stein found a bundle of manuscripts stored in dynamite boxes. The packaging was appropriate. The author had been dead five years, but his writings were still powerful.

Perhaps not since Charles A. Siringo's famous *Log of a Cowboy* has a personal history appeared out of the Old West to compare with *Tough Trip Through Paradise 1878-1879* (Houghton Mifflin, $6.95). Written by ex-trapper Andrew Garcia, it has been edited by Mr. Stein, who has ordered and punctuated the author's fractured English without destroying his bark-on flavor.

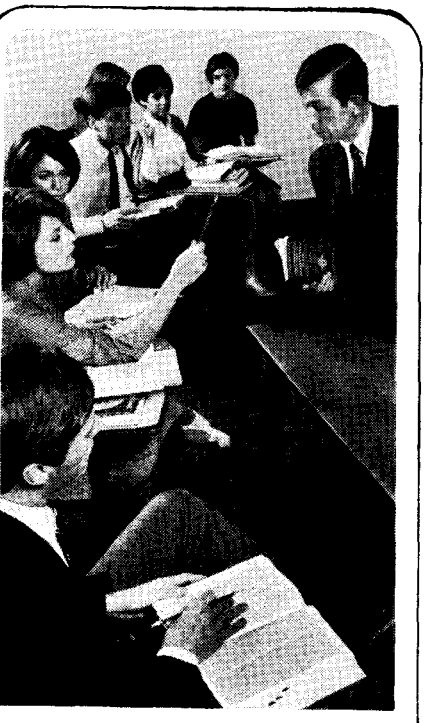
Garcia, "The Squaw Kid" (three of his four marriages were to Indian girls), was unique. Of the few white men who lived among the Indians of the Northern Plains in their last free years—a year after the epic Nez Perce march, three years after the Custer debacle—he was probably the only one able to record his experiences vividly.

Garcia wrote when he was an aging rancher, forty to sixty years after his adventures among the Indians. He detested both stuffy historians and "blood and thunder writers who write from a deranged brain back East," but this does not eliminate the possibility that his reading, his palavering with fellow oldtimers, and the intervening decades dimmed his memory and stirred up mirages. He may have been tempted to rely on hearsay or imagination; he may have been tempted to put himself, as Siringo did, in a better light than the facts warranted.

That is the constant danger in reminiscence. Though Garcia himself was authentic enough, there is no way to check the authenticity of his anecdotes. Many of them are altogether incredible—but those were incredible times.

Paradise will probably be popular in spite of scholarly suspicions. It is great fun to read—Garcia wrote with a gusto that no editing can reduce—and it conveys perhaps the truest feeling of any book yet published for life among the Northwestern Indians of the 1870s. Whether or not the reader chooses to swallow it whole, *Paradise* is a rich feast.

—Brian Garfield.



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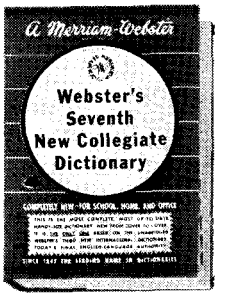

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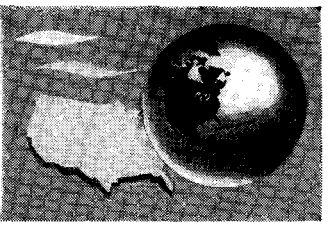


LONDON:

Unworkable Solution

. . . President Johnson's [notion]—that the country's economy is rich enough to meet her responsibilities at home without neglecting her responsibilities abroad—will not work. It will not work in Vietnam, and it will not work at home. It is neither militant enough to satisfy the hawks, nor pacific enough to satisfy the doves. Worse still, its two aspects cancel each other out, for Hanoi simply cannot be bombed to the conference table any more than it can be prevented from reinforcing its troops in the South.

It is the old fallacy of believing that a people, when fighting for something they believe in, will be persuaded to talk of peace if they are only hit hard enough. Short of wiping out North Vietnam completely, the choice is between an appallingly long and expensive war of attrition and a negotiated settlement.

President Johnson must decide which he wants. If he wants a settlement—which is the only sensible thing to want—then he must pursue it openly and realistically, which means, as a first step, a stop to the bombing of the North and an attempt to reduce the level of conflict in the South.

—*The Times.*

TORONTO:

Arms Madness

In the recent Middle Eastern conflict, Israelis and Jordanians fought each other in United States tanks. Two years ago, it was the Indians and the Pakistanis who were shooting at each other with U.S. weapons.

As the world's largest arms merchant, Washington claims that its contributions to the arsenals of developing nations help to retain U.S. influence and regional balances of power (as well as bolstering the U.S. balance of payments). But events in the Middle East and Asia have shown that arms shipments are rarely a deterrent to aggression or a guarantee of friendship.

After it received U.S. arms as a reward for its membership in anti-Communist pacts, Pakistan used the weapons against nonaligned India and developed close ties with China. The Soviet Union lavished weaponry on Indonesia and then watched helplessly as President Sukarno waltzed into Peking's orbit.

There is madness in the way that poorer nations spend their precious foreign exchange on building up their armed forces at the expense of their economies. It is both tragic and absurd that from mid-1949 to mid-1966 the United States sold or gave away $46.3 billion worth of arms—about $4 billion more than the total grants and loans under its regular economic assistance program from mid-1948, including the Marshall Plan. . . .

But as the world's largest supplier of weapons, the United States has the greatest responsibility to prevent senseless sprees of arms purchases among nations which can least afford them. In moving to restrain the Administration's hard-nosed weapons merchants, the senators are making an important contribution to the cause of peace.

—*The Globe and Mail.*

GLASGOW:

No Pullout Possible

It is hard to see what President Johnson can do but soldier on. There can be no illusions about the consequences of a premature decision to halt the war. America's international responsibilities must be shouldered despite the political consequences at home. President Johnson's acceptance of this is a tribute to his sense of duty. If the American people do not see things his way at present, it is to be hoped that credit will finally rest where it is due.

—*Glasgow Herald.*

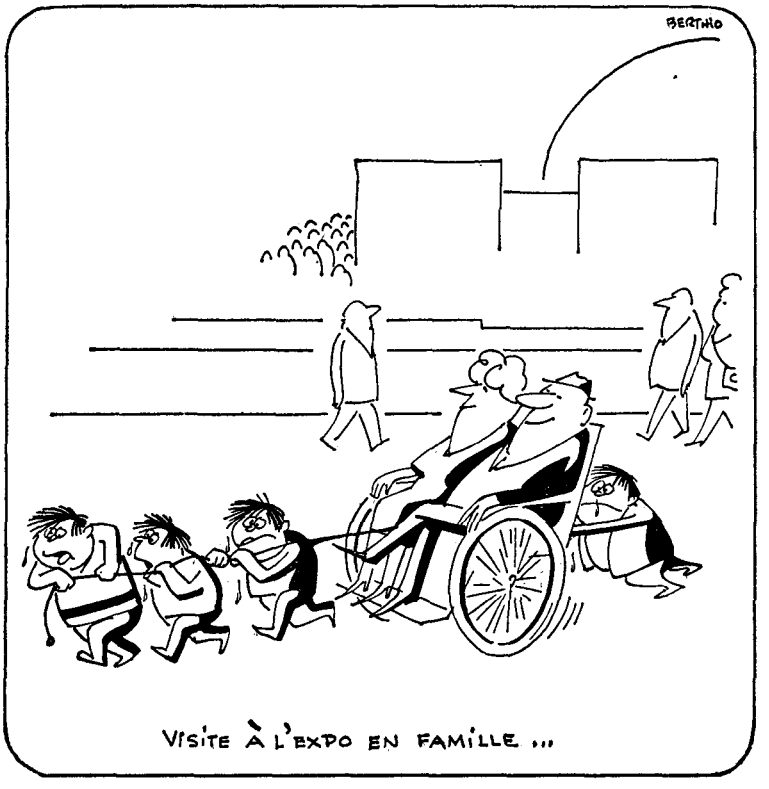
GUAYAQUIL:

Aid Indifference

In photographs that speak more eloquently than words, the *Diario Manabita* [Manabi Daily] in recent days told of an occurence that deserves the most severe condemnation: 40 tons of flour destined to be consumed by children and the needy, sent to Ecuador by the United States as part of an aid program, had become contaminated. . . .

Through the most contemptible indifference on the part of representatives of CARE and Caritas (both American aid organizations), the flour had been allowed to sit in warehouses without proper care for many months. It had become infested with grubs and was declared unfit for human consumption.

We recall that not too many months



—*La Presse, (Montreal).*

The family visit to Expo. . . .

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The Smiths aren't trying to save the world. Just a little piece of it.

In the Colombian village of Soacha, school is a luxury that fathers of ...n the brightest, most ambitious ...ldren can't afford. So it didn't ...prise anyone when Luis Jiminez ...pped out of school in the third ...de. The big surprise—Soacha ...s it a little miracle—is that Luis ...nt back to school this year.

Betty and John Chabot Smith ...de it happen. Through *Save the ...ildren Federation* they're giving ...5 a month to give Luis a chance ...never thought possible.

Who are these "miracle workers," ... Smiths? If you met them, they ...ght tell you of their daughter's ...y. Or their son, who's working his ...y through law school. John might ...k about his work as a teacher of ...ative writing. Or you might be in...ested in their charming colonial ...mhouse in southern Connecticut. ... almost paid for. The Smiths are ...ng way from being wealthy. Al...ugh you'd have a hard time tell... that to the people of Soacha.

Until the Smiths came along, ... in Soacha had any knowledge of the outside world. They knew a lot about desperate poverty, hunger and hopelessness, though. Take Luis' father, for example. His take-home pay is $10 ...onth. He has five children to feed. ...ool for Luis wasn't in his budget.

But this was before the Smiths. ...ty Smith first became interested *Save the Children Federation* ...en she worked for them last year. ...ne after time she saw them do ...nders for people with the money ...eived from sponsors. Now the ...iths are sponsors. And their $15 ...nonth is doing wonders for Luis, ... family and even the village.

Luis is back in school. Luis' ...ner has a small patch of land he ...d never cultivated because he ...ld not afford seed and fertilizer. ...is year he is growing corn. With ... this, there is still money left over. ...is money, together with funds ...m other sponsors, was borrowed ...hout interest by the village to ...ld a new school.

More money and more people ...e the Smiths are needed to give other children the boost they need to permanently end their need for help. That's what *Save the Children Federation* is all about.

Although contributions are tax deductible, *Save the Children* is not a relief agency. The aim is not merely to buy one child a few hot meals and a warm coat. Instead, your contribution is used to give the child, the family and the village, the "seed money" they need to start helping themselves.

As a sponsor you can select a child in Latin America. Or a child in Korea, Vietnam, Africa or Greece. You will receive a photo of the child, regular reports on his progress, and, if you wish, a chance to correspond with the child and his family.

The Smiths know they can't save the world for $15 a month. Only a small corner of it. But maybe that is the way to save the world. If there are enough people like Betty and John Smith. How about you?

Save the Children Federation is registered with the U.S. State Department Advisory Committee on Voluntary Foreign Aid, and is a member of the International Union for Child Welfare. Financial statements and annual reports are available on request.

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National Sponsors (partial list):
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ago, the valleys of Rocafuerte and Charapóte were punished by floods and washouts. . . . This was the time the invaluable aid sent by the United States in the form of food should have been distributed in unlimited quantities to help the afflicted families. Instead, the quantity of food sent to this area was minimal. . . .

We understand that these two American organizations [CARE and Caritas] that sent this aid to Ecuador are motivated only by the desire to help those Ecuadorians who live in areas stricken by poverty and misery. Here in Rocafuerte there exist respectable social service agencies such as the local Red Cross to whom distribution of this surplus food, now lost, could have been entrusted. But, instead, for over a year now the milk quota sent to this city for distribution. . . . has been suspended. In addition, the president of the Women's Committee, Doña Lilia Mendoza de Dueñas . . . personally approached the local CARE representative for a quota of . . . foods to be distributed here.

She was turned down with the explanation that the Ministry prohibited such donations — an attitude that contrasts with reality, is open to bitter censure, and is in direct opposition to the high purpose with which the food was sent.

—*El Universo.*

TOKYO:

U.S. Foreign Aid and Japan

. . . APART FROM the problem whether U.S. foreign aid in the past has helped developing countries to the level of economic independence, it is a fact that it has served to increase their national income, if only little by little, and spur their self-consciousness for the need for working for better living. In this context, it may be said that such self-consciousness is developing into efforts for realization of better living. It is thus desirable that U.S. economic aid should take a form of responding to the new requirements of the developing countries.

The problem which is likely to emanate from the increasing hesitancy of the United States to increase its foreign aid . . . is likely to result in requests for stronger assistance by other advanced nations such as Japan. . . . Particularly in the phase of economic aid to developing countries in Asia, there is no doubt that closer cooperation by Japan will be required.

Japan's assistance to developing countries, however, should not be governed on the basis, essentially, of such demand for closer cooperation by the United States. . . .

—*The Japan Economic Journal.*

Letters to the World's Editors

What People Are Writing to their Newspapers

Philippine Anti-Americanism?

THE ALLEGED streak of anti-Americanism now prevailing in the Philippines, mentioned by Chanchal Sarkar in *The Australian,* is in the main neither objective nor factual.

Asians, much less Filipinos (unless they're leftists or Communists), in general do not question America's intentions in that part of the world as they do question Communist China's, though Mr. Sarkar claims that they (Asians) "are, by conviction, certain that America's intentions in Asia are colonial and reprehensible. . . ."

America did nothing but for the best interests of the Filipinos while she administered them. . . .

—*Paul Katig, Sr.,*
Press Attache, Embassy of the Philippines, Canberra,
The Australian, Sydney.

Lament on Love

I AM FORTY-SIX and live alone. I am not pretty and never have been. At one time I suffered a great deal because of it. I tortured myself nights on end, almost giving up on life. But, having arrived at maturity, I can look back dispassionately on my now distant torment. However, I still continue to ask myself in the hope of finding a reply, why men are so superficial as to regard only the exterior appearance of a woman and almost never try to read inside to find the treasure hidden there?

Women can love a man even if he is the most ugly man on earth. Isn't this a sign of their superiority?

—*Unsigned,*
Oggi, Rome.

EDITOR'S REPLY: *Yes, it's true; the vast majority of men are superficial when it comes to love. They quickly break off a piece of their heart for a pretty girl but never even perceive the infinite capacity for affection of the girl, assuredly not pretty, but lively, intact, and generous to the end. In love there is no doubt but that the woman is worth more than the man. They are more acute, richer in intuition, and more instinctively expert. But I would not say that this is a sign of superiority. It is only a proof that, for the woman, love, which touches on the very root of life, counts more than it does for the man.*

Lauding the Longhair

IN REPLY to Miss R. D. Easton's remarks on long hair, I not only find cropped men's heads most nauseating to look at, but their minds are cropped and along with their female admirers they have a very strong herd instinct.

No wonder our Lord Jesus referred to the majority as sheep. He also wore long hair. Miss Easton does not read the Bible properly.

As for history, what about the Vikings, Cossacks, Redskins, and many other valiant warriors of the past. A toast to our long-haired youth of today.

—*Middle-Aged Spread,*
The Rhodesia Herald, Salisbury.

Passport Rigmarole

WHY IS IT necessary for a girl who holds a passport and who gets married to go through all the rigmarole of applying for a new passport? Couldn't the government print her married name above her single name and insert "nee" before the latter?

My daughter's passport has visas and permits of entry from dozens of places throughout the world. Now this has to be turned in and a new one issued—nothing new on it save a change of name. Even the photo is the same as she had extras taken when she first applied.

—*Mrs. B. Isaac,*
The Sydney Morning Herald.

"Insufficient Address"

WHENEVER I APPEAR in an office to transact official business and have to give my name and address to the official, he often throws up his hands in desperation. . . . I wholeheartedly sympathize with him. For after my name the poor fellow has to put down the following address: BUDAPEST, DISTRICT X, ULLOI ROAD NO. 126-130, BUILDING 20, FIRST STAIRCASE, THIRD FLOOR, DOOR NO. 4.

It was a great relief when the local authorities renumbered the block and my address became shorter. But the relief did not last long. The post office refused to accept the new address and insisted that the old one be used. Letters with the new official address were returned by the post office to the sender with the witty notation, INSUFFICIENT ADDRESS. . . .

—*Ferenc Fuggert,*
Népszabadság, Budapest.

Students and the Pill

THE RECENT STATEMENT of Dr. Angela Milne of the Melbourne University that the Pill [should] be made available to students fills me with horror and disgust.

In these days of sexual and social promiscuity, our young people are continually faced with barrages from films, books, and speeches; the burden of respectability is becoming increasingly heavy for those young people who want it. This suggestion made by this woman is sickening. . . .

Nobody can deny that loose morals, taking of drugs, and Communist influences are strongly entrenched in our fields of higher education.

The teachers who encourage these ills or do nothing to combat them are unworthy of their office, and should be rooted out like noxious weeds from a garden.

—*Michael Rodriguez,*
The Age, Melbourne.

—COMPILED BY NICHOLAS G. BALINT.

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African Safari View of the U.N.

(Horace Sutton is on vacation this month. The author of the following report, the second of a series of guest articles on Africa, is a free-lance writer whose credits include many books.)

AT THE TEEMING marketplace of a Kenya village deep in the bush country, a bronze teen-ager, wearing only a brilliant red and white *nguo* (sash) around his middle, sold us a large bunch of bananas for half a shilling. A thick bandage covered one side of his head. I asked in words and gestures, "Bandage—what happen?" He said, "We have war with next *kabila* (tribe)." He frowned, then looked hopeful—"The U-ni-teh Na-shun fix?"

After that, I made a point of questioning most everyone I met in Kenya and Tanzania—black, brown, white—about the U.N. At most every overnight stop during our three-week camera safari we met not only natives, but a United Nations of tourists. Around the fire at one uncrowded camp were individuals and families from Canada, Denmark, England, France, Germany, India, Singapore, Switzerland, and the United States.

Criss-crossing the countries as we toured the game parks we stopped at Nairobi, Naivasha, Gilgil, Nakuru, Nanyuki, Isiolo, Kericho, Narok, Keekorok, Seronera, Ngorongoro, Lake Manyara, Arusha, Amboseli, and Simba. We visited countless little towns, and *manyattas* too small to be counted as villages. A pattern of knowledge emerged in spite of many conflicting views. For one thing is certain—East Africa is an area of contrast and conflict, inevitable with all emerging nations. Kenya, for one, has been free only since December 12, 1963.

In a primitive Samburu *manyatta* of dung-wall rondavels with cone-shaped thatch roofs, visiting Americans shuddered at the living conditions. Families of a dozen or more crowded into each small, one-room *kibanda*, coughing into the haze of smoke from the ever-burning cooking and heating fires inside. Each *manyatta* was enclosed by a thick fence of thornbushes to protect the cattle from lions, hyenas, leopards, and other wild animals. Tiny herd boys, some no older than four, brought the grazing cattle and all the insects infesting them into the enclosure each night. All day and night the faces of children, even the suckling babies, were covered with flies. The buzzing swarms coated their eyes, lips, cheeks. The infant mortality rate is astronomical: "Our children die like flies."

Still, most of the children reflect an aura of supreme happiness. We never heard a baby cry—this would be considered a disgrace in the tribe. Apparently the babies are so blissful because they're constantly with their mothers, clinging to their breasts, slung over their backs, always feeling the intimate, reassuring warmth. That close contact continues even as a mother works in the fields. Her baby sways cheerily on her back.

In the cleared space surrounded by rondavels, young warriors performed a "peace dance" which they signified by placing huge pompons on the sharp ends of their spears. Like teen-agers in any discothèque, the dancers leaped and whirled with joyous abandon. When we applauded them, they applauded us back. Later, stopping for refreshment at a lodge, we described the exultant dancing to the bartender, a pleasant Moslem wearing a red fez on his head and the wisdom of many years on his face. He asked, "Did the dancers have much beer or little beer?"

"No beer."

"Ah, then they must be a truly happy people."

After the dance ceremonies, my wife took sketch pad and pencil and started drawing a wrinkled old woman who was obviously the tribal matriarch. Startled, the old lady lifted her robe, baring her body to cover her face. Then she came close and saw what was happening. She giggled and rearranged the folds of her robe like any fashion-conscious woman posing for her portrait. When the drawing was finished, the old woman examined it. Her eyes widened with fright. She jabbered fearfully, stabbing with her finger at the picture. A ranger interpreted, "She say, how are you able to make face of her mother?" She had never seen herself in a mirror.

Helped by our Swahili-speaking driver and others who were at least partly bilingual, I asked even the most primitive people in remote areas what they thought of the United Nations. The answers were usually blank stares, then a babble of singsong repetitions, "U.N., U.N., U.N.," turning into a chant. They didn't understand. But a grinning twelve-year-old boy who had a few months of school before quitting to help support his family, spoke up importantly, "U-ni-teh Na-shun, *sana-ema*!" He didn't know exactly what the U.N. meant, but that it was "very good." Instantly, all the others repeated, "U-ni-teh Na-shun, *sana-ema*!"

In the auto traffic bustle of Nairobi, among the many rising modern buildings, one tends to forget that East Africa is only a moment in time away from the roughest, most savage, and uncivilized living. The slaughters, the blood baths by and against the Mau Maus, occurred only a few years ago.

"You cannot expect an overnight miracle here when it took other peoples many centuries to become 'civilized'," a proud young policeman, a former Masai, said. He reflected the pace of the transformation. His crisp uniform and cap were jaunty, modern, machine-made—but his

—*Philip Gendreau.*

Samburu tribal dance in Kenya—"a truly happy people."

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ear lobes hung in dangling loops an inch in diameter from wearing many heavy colored earrings during his recent tribal life. A middle-aged teacher added, "The world must realize that a new young nation is like an untrained child. Each little one must learn and develop a sense of ethics. In the course of growing up, children often punish their parents by rebellious acts. A child tears up and destroys valued possessions. Ignorant adults tear up books and stone libraries and embassies. But, if treated with patience and solicitude, both children and nations can grow up to attain ethics and understanding—and then they are grateful."

AT the picturesque Samburu Game Reserve on the Uaso Nyiro—"River of the Brown Water"—I chatted with a slim, mustached African who helped run the attractive lodge. We watched more than fifty elephants parade along the opposite side of the river, then turn to troop single file into the water for a refreshing bath. Mother elephants dunked their infants and sprayed them with streams from their trunks. They taught the rollicking half-ton babies how to take a bath and then roll in the dirt along the banks to cool and dry themselves. The noisy, exuberant scene was like Ladies' Day at Coney Island.

"The elephants have a kind of United Nations of their own," the young man said. "They live a close family life and mostly get on amiably with others. As for the people here? Well, I've worked all over Kenya, also in Tanzania and Uganda. I believe that almost any African with even a little education knows about the U.N. Not the bush people—their only goal is to survive from day to day. They care nothing about the U.N., the U.S.A., the U.S.S.R., China, or anything else outside of their own *manyattas.*"

"How do the more enlightened East Africans feel about the U.N.? Are they for or against it?"

"For. Very much for. But—a big but—only as long as the U.N. helps us to make our new independence function well—with no strings attached. If we progress well, it will help the peace of the whole world. We'll take help from anybody—U.N., U.S., Russia, China, anybody—but with no obligation to anyone. We are a proud people and now an independent people. We would rather go it alone than put up with any outside interference or restrictions in return for assistance."

What is called "Africanization" is moving swiftly. In many cases, whites and Indians who are trained in their jobs and have been running them efficiently for decades have been fired overnight to be replaced by a Negro African. At airports, hotel desks, stores, and banks, men filled with good will and eagerness proved untrained for the jobs into which they moved so suddenly. An official explained, "A lot goes wrong, but we must make a start. This is our country and we'll never get our people into key positions unless we begin now. We've waited too long. Please bear with us—you must, there is no other course."

Inefficiency and irritations are utterly unimportant compared with the rewards in traveling over these magnificent lands of thrilling vistas and countless animals roaming free in the vast, well run game reserves. The beautiful people, too—reserved and even suspicious at first—react with warmth when friendliness is extended to them.

"They learn fast and are progressing swiftly," said Michaela Denis. She and her husband, Armand, are leading citizens of Kenya, world-famous for their books, photography, movies, and mostly for their unceasing efforts to help their chosen homeland. "One of the biggest problems here is ignorance about birth control. It's fine to bring in needed supplies of food, but the people breed faster than the U.N. can feed. We're making some headway in family planning. Over twelve clinics in Nairobi are dispensing pills and loops and knowledge. The people want such help and use it. Many, including Catholics, are pitching in. But we need so much more aid in money and supplies and cooperation."

She brightened. "African women are beginning to realize that, with two or three children instead of eight or ten, they can afford education. That's the big hope for the future, the one thing they want most for their youngsters—education. Peace will come to Kenya and the world only through the promise and fulfillment of the good life—not by bread alone." She emphasized, "It must come now, before time runs out."

EVERYWHERE we saw schools, usually simple, one-story cement structures. From them streamed bright-looking youngsters in neat jumper dresses of the school colors, or in shirts and slacks. They all knew of the U.N. The passion for more education was expressed to us repeatedly throughout Kenya and Tanzania, along with constant mention of fear of "The Bomb"—an oppressive menace from the outside world.

Passing through an arid area in the Amboseli Game Reserve near Mount Kilimanjaro ("Mountain of the Gods"), we noted a small crater in the center of a weird, barren plain. It could have been the pockmarked surface of a planet in outer space. Our African driver pointed to the crater and said, "People tell a joke that a little tiny piece of 'The Bomb' fell here and made that hole—but the U-niteh Na-shun caught the rest before it could hit the ground."

—SAMM SINCLAIR BAKER.

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Perfection by the Thames

NEW LONDON, CONN.

THE UNDISPUTED modern dance center in America is situated on a high, green hill overlooking the Thames (you pronounce the "th" when in Connecticut) River. It is the campus of Connecticut College, where, every summer, dance students and dance teachers from all over the world gather to study for six weeks under a faculty of dance experts, and where audiences come from all over the United States to attend the American Dance Festival in the spacious, handsome, and hot (it will be air-conditioned next year) Palmer Auditorium. Both enterprises, the festival and the Connecticut College School of the Dance, are under the direction of Theodora Wiesner. (In wintertime, she is the dance boss at Brooklyn College.)

This has been a very special summer, for the American Dance Festival celebrated its 20th anniversary. Its festivities called upon the talents of eight well known dance figures (two soloists and six with companies) who offered programs spanning the processes of creativity from two decades ago to the present. Indeed, the festival could boast of presenting more than 100 premieres over the years, fifteen commissioned and paid for by Connecticut College. Some, of course, were failures. But out of the list of novelties came masterpieces of modern dance choreography.

This is as it should be, for Connecticut College inherited the privileges and duties of the historic Bennington Dance Festival, established in 1934 in Bennington, Vermont (at Bennington College), discontinued during World War II. The great flowering of modern dance took place there. It was at Bennington that Doris Humphrey presented her mighty trilogy, *Theatre Piece, New Dance, With My Red Fires;* it was here that her partner, Charles Weidman, tried out some of his best works; here that a newcomer to America, Hanya Holm, held the world premiere of her monumental *Trend* in the old armory. Even that famous loner, Martha Graham, was a pillar of Bennington, for it was there that her *Letter to the World* had its bow.

Miss Graham also helped to launch the American Dance Festival in New London in 1948 by contributing the premiere of a work which was destined to become one of her most popular creations. It was *Diversion of Angels,* to music of Norman Dello Joio, and it was one of the very first creations in which Miss Graham herself did not appear.

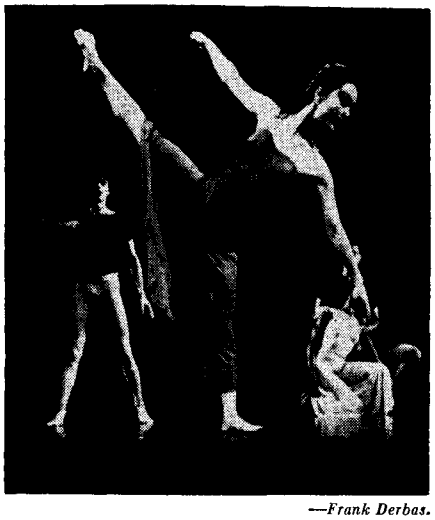
It was fitting, then, that *Diversion of Angels* should figure importantly in this 20th anniversary season. But it did more than just fit the occasion. Indeed, it mirrored the beauties and the powers of modern dance to perfection. The word "perfect" is, of course, overused and misused. Not, however, in this instance. The performance of *Diversion of Angels* was truly perfection itself. The Graham company is celebrated for the artistry and tremendous technical skill of its dancers. A sloppy performance would be impossible to imagine. But here, the most handsome dance troupe in the world gave a flawless presentation of a masterpiece.

The eleven dancers moved with a radiance of spirit that made you believe that they must indeed be angels, and they accomplished feats of skill that left the audience holding its breath. Takako Asakawa, in the role created by Pearl Lang, was not only an angel but also a comet which streaked its scarlet way across the stage. Mary Hinkson was cool, a cloud of loveliness, and Robert Powell, who is one of the most phenomenal of the young generation of modern dancers (he and Louis Falco are to modern dance what Rudolf Nureyev is to ballet), made

(*Continued on page* 64)

—*John Van Lund.*

Violette Verdy—*"Vive la France!"*



—*Frank Derbas.*

Above, Takako Asakawa in *Diversion of Angels.* Right, Robert Cohan and Ethel Winter are the Husbandman and his Bride in the Martha Graham-Aaron Copland *Appalachian Spring.*

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Cinéma Vérité and Film Truth

TRUTH, reality, actuality are words with a glowing, resonant ring, but also with an inclination to turn a bit slippery when applied to specifics, as most documentary film-makers would be quick to agree. What the camera—reputedly the most realistic of all artistic tools—gives back is not reality, but a *version* of reality. In the dramatic film, of course, the action, the dialogue, and the settings have generally been arranged to provide the semblance of reality; but even in a documentary, which uses life itself as its raw material, one is shown only an aspect, a segment of the total scene—a selection that corresponds to the personal vision, or the special bias, of the film-maker himself. One sure measure of the artistic stature of any documentary is the sense of truth that it is able to convey.

By this criterion, Donn Pennebaker's feature-length study of singer Bob Dylan, *Don't Look Back*, is only half successful. Although it includes some scrappy footage recalling Dylan's earlier years, the film's primary thrust is less biographical than journalistic—an in-depth coverage of his triumphal tour of England about two years ago. Because Dylan is kept constantly under the camera's surveillance, certain salient features of his personality emerge clearly—a taut, in-drawn quality even when he is among friends, his tension as he prepares for performance, a pseudo-intellectual arrogance (as in his interview with a hapless *Time* reporter), and a subcutaneous hostility toward friend and fan alike. All this is in fascinating contradiction to his onstage personality, in which he gives every appearance of trying desperately to connect with his audience. ("I want to be with *yeew!*" he beseeches in one of his songs.)

Unfortunately, as the film continues, so does the dichotomy; and Mr. Pennebaker, either through insensitivity or insufficient coverage, failed to realize its implications. The result is an incomplete portrait, a portrait with gaping and obvious holes. The camera has not told all. But even recognizing this, one must question the validity of much it does tell.

For example, how aware of the camera was Dylan during his *Time* interview? How much of it was him, and how much a Dylan image that he wanted to create? We see Dylan constantly surrounded by sycophantic friends, some of whom he turns on savagely at times. What is his need for these people, and they for him? On several occasions, he puts down a rival English pops singer named Donovan. Is it petty jealousy or artistic criticism? In *Don't Look Back*, we see a lot of Dylan and hear a lot of Dylan, but—despite an excess of zoomar closeups—we never get close enough to him to learn what makes him tick.

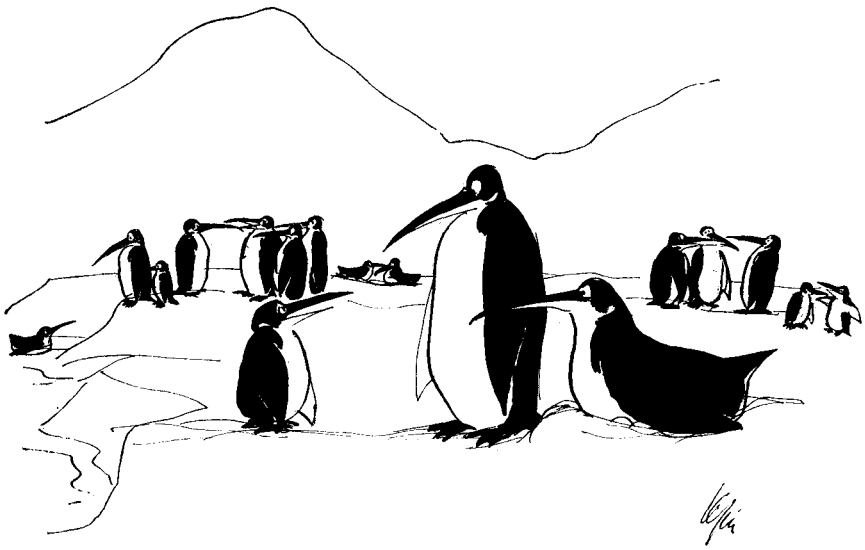
IN Shirley Clarke's *Portrait of Jason*, however, soon to be featured at the fifth New York Film Festival at Lincoln Center, the camera bores in so relentlessly and revealingly upon its single character—a thirtyish Negro houseboy, would-be performer, and male prostitute—that by the end of its almost two hours, one feels that no significant shred of the man's past and personality has been left uncovered or uncommented upon. Filmed in a single, mammoth, twelve-hour session sparked by marijuana and copious alcohol, the picture rivets itself upon Jason as he reminisces, performs (imitations of Mae West and Butterfly McQueen!) and, under probing questions that come to him from off-camera, reveals layer after layer of self-knowledge and self-deceit.

Occasionally, the camera goes slowly out of focus, sometimes to effect a transition, sometimes quite arbitrarily to emphasize the ritualistic, oddly impersonal nature of this true confession, thus removing at least some of the sense of obsessive voyeurism. By the end of the film, however, after Jason has talked about his various employers, his family, his aspirations, and the details of his grubby existence, the feeling of intrusion has passed away, and one is left instead with a sense of revelation—revelation of a kind of life that, mercifully, most of us will never know at first hand. This, and the sense of witnessing a soul stripped bare, layer by layer—and the final shocking recognition that even then Jason is not certain that he has told the whole truth.

In *Jason*, the participant is fully aware that he is before a camera, and that his every mood and word are being recorded. Such, apparently, was not the case with the dramatis personae of *The Titicut Follies*, which will also receive its premiere at the New York Festival. In this remarkable document, made by Frederic Wiseman and John Marshall, concealed cameras are pointed with utter objectivity (there is no commentary) at the guards and inmates of an unnamed institution for the criminally insane in Massachusetts. Shades of *Marat/Sade*! The film is framed by an annual birthday show staged mainly by the inmates, and presided over by a head guard who clearly fancies himself an undiscovered Ed Sullivan.

From there, the picture moves on to the daily routine—periodic psychiatric checkups by a German-accented doctor who licks his lips over every sex question, the guards' hazing of an elderly inmate who has not cleaned his room properly, and of a Negro who has been asking to be allowed to work. The men are not permitted to shave themselves for fear of doing themselves harm; but when the guard-barber seriously nicks one of his customers, there are no hot towels, no styptic pencil—not even a word of apology. And to intensify the horror, the men are kept stark naked except when exercising in the prison yard or when called in for a staff examination. Such total nudity seems the ultimate degradation—and nothing could be more shameful or abject than a man covering his genitals as he is led through the hospital corridors. *The Titicut Follies* is, to be sure, a film of our times, a startling example of film truth. But, inevitably, it must raise the ethical question: Where does the truth stop and common decency begin?

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.



"Then we're not diplomats, we're birds?"

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Copland at the Bowl, Samuel at Cabrillo

LOS ANGELES.

AARON COPLAND has so many innovations to his credit that it is altogether fitting that he should own a distinction unique among American composers: to be asked not once but a second time to conduct a program of his music at the Hollywood Bowl. What is more, in his return engagement in late August, he presented a program wholly different from its predecessor of two years ago, including the first Los Angeles performance, indoors or out, of his *Dance Symphony*.

As well as conferring a distinction, this posed a problem. Rehearsals for Bowl concerts are dispensed on an austerity budget, and the inclusion of two solo concertos (the Piano Concerto of the late Twenties and the Clarinet Concerto of the Fifties) blocked off more than a little of the little available time. By exercise of goodwill, however, and the obvious esteem the orchestra has for Copland and his music, the evening was rewarding of pleasure as well as interest—which adds another to the distinctions that make Copland unique among those composers who are generically "serious" as well as American.

The evening invited retrospect as well as anticipation, for it ranged across the decades from the early Piano Concerto through the impressive *Fanfare for the Common Man* (which goes down so easily that it serves as a TV "signature" as readily as a segment of Beethoven). Far as this brief but skillfully detailed cameo is from the complexities of the *Dance Symphony*, it shares the kind of compositional character that makes all of Copland no less a piece than all of Chabrier, say, or Smetana. That is, it proclaims the affection of the composer for the sound stuff which is his God-given talent to manipulate, and his constant awareness that the end product not only should but must communicate if it is to justify the effort that went into its creation.

The consistency with which Copland has fulfilled his own conception of a tonal cosmos was neatly, if unintentionally, conveyed by the two concertos. Separated though they are by nearly twenty-five years, each is flavored by an infusion of jazz as it existed at the time of creation. But, in both cases, it is a flavor filtered through the screen of a highly discriminating mind which eliminates the extraneous and thereby concentrates an essence. For the brass section, which has a large share of responsibility in the concluding section of the one-movement Piano Concerto, the staccato figures derived from patterns that prevailed in the jazz of the mid-Twenties are probably as remote from a contemporary reality as, say, the brass fanfares of Gabrieli. But Copland's capacity for converting tonal dross into musical gold has, in all probability, preserved more of this moment in audible time than can be found in any compositions other than those of Gershwin or Ravel. The Clarinet Concerto, written at the commission of Benny Goodman, is somewhat more studied a work, which is, after all, not unrelated to the source material which it embodies.

Copland was fortunate in both his soloists, which is the equivalent of saying that both were sensitively chosen to perform their assigned functions. The Brazilian pianist João Carlos Martins may or may not have a specialized interest in jazz, but he has attributes of rhythmic incisiveness and tonal gradations which fulfilled Copland's purpose. No jazz conditioning was mentioned in the programmatic annotation for Mitchell Lurie, who performed the solo part of the Clarinet Concerto. But it is improbable that he made his way from birth in Los Angeles to study at the Curtis Institute in Philadelphia and back (with positions as principal clarinetist with both the Pittsburgh and Chicago Symphonies) without burning some midnight bridges of several sorts. It was, in any case, an accomplishment as creditable to Lurie as it was to Copland.

With the surrender of Lewisohn Stadium in New York (without so much as a fond farewell) to the encroachments of urban necessity, Hollywood Bowl is easily senior among all sites, nationwide, where serious music-making prevails outdoors. It bears its years not only with credit but also with dignity. Despite the hazards of traffic and other man-made indignities (including such a passing plane as the one which blanketed Copland's carefully contrived *pianissimo* at the end of *Appalachian Spring*), it remains a divinely decreed place in which to hear music. When the evening enjoys such balmy favor as nature cooperated to provide for Copland, much else can be forgiven. One man-made factor which adds to, rather than detracts from, musical enjoyment is the sound-amplification system. It is now in such sophisticated estate that even at the most distant points the effect was of intimacy, authenticity, and tonal refinement.

FOR THOSE based several hundred miles further north at Santa Cruz, another kind of summer musical experience is provided at the Cabrillo Festival, whose director is Gerhard Samuel. This activity takes its name—reasonably enough—from the place in which it occurs. This is Cabrillo College, which provides a two-year, nonresident curriculum. It also provides a well-designed, all-purpose hall seating perhaps 700, whose wood-lined interior lends itself admirably to musical purposes.

For the first-time visitor to Cabrillo, whose low-slung, simple, but tastefully designed buildings range up a hillside looking toward the Pacific, the motor impulse of its festival would appear to be Gerhard Samuel. The German-born, American-educated (Eastman, Yale) conductor of the Oakland Symphony is now in his fifth season as head of the Cabrillo Festival. What kind of progression has been involved, I cannot personally describe. But to produce a sequence of programs (on two successive weekends) in which Charles Bressler sings Britten's *Les Illuminations*, Isidore Lateiner performs the Berg Violin Concerto, and Stravinsky's Symphony in C has its Santa Cruz County premiere, is obviously a tribute to devotion and determined effort.

Included in the weekend activities was a matinee devoted mostly to Baroque music, both vocal and instrumental. The former provided the opportunity, in works of A. Scarlatti, William Byrd, and Monteverdi, for acquaintance with the choral-directing talents of Joseph Liebling. The New York-born, Juilliard-trained Liebling is the sort of choral director whose fingers reach beyond the eyes to the vocal chords of the performers under his direction. This was productive of uncommonly pliant results not only in the Baroque repertory (which included Byrd's *Sacerdotes Domine*), but also in three Chansons of Debussy, Lionel Nowak's attractive *Madrigal*, and the ingenious settings by Robert Dennis of texts by T. S. Eliot. Liebling's effort deserved a larger attendance than was present, but the response level was high.

—IRVING KOLODIN.

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Challenge of Fear

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less romantic than the one it was replacing.

When I first set out in this direction, the road was certainly unusual, whereas later it was to become dangerous, owing to the coming to power of a government which took to itself supralegal powers enabling it to banish, silence, confine to small areas, debar from certain occupations and from attending any social or political gathering, any person who in the opinion of the Minister was "furthering the aims of Communism." Many non-Communists were dealt with in this way, without charge, trial, or sentence; some of these were my own fellow liberals, whose only offenses had been that they had ignored conventional race barriers or had been active in providing legal defense for political prisoners and aid for their dependents.

Whereas South Africa teaches many of its people to fear and to hate racial mixing (and I use the word "mixing" in its widest, not its narrowest sense), here it was teaching me the opposite, and teaching me to see our future as being that of one nonracial society and not a collection of strictly separated and individual race groups. The whole philosophy of apartheid is based on the fundamental assumption that there can be no such thing as a nonracial society, and that each individual realizes himself only through his membership in his own racial group, and that, therefore, it is the duty of the government to preserve these racial differences, in language, education, sex, marriage, sport, entertainment, and so on and so on. The apostle of apartheid would further declare that it is only another romantic illusion to imagine that an Afrikaner Calvinist, an English-speaking Anglican (Episcopalian), a colored (that is, of mixed blood) Roman Catholic, an African Methodist, an African ancestor-worshipper, an Indian Hindu, and an Indian Muslim—not to mention those who profess no particular faith—could operate a common nonracial society. The apostle of apartheid says he is a realist and that a person like myself is a sentimental idealist. But when this apostle is angry with me he would call me dangerous, and could, if he wished, restrict my freedom in the ways I have mentioned above.

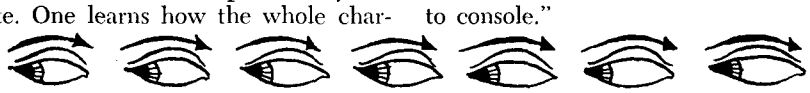
He will, almost certainly in 1968, make it an offense to operate a nonracial (and multiracial) political party. One learns the lesson at first hand that the practice of the art of political persuasion can be made impossible by the state. One learns how the whole character of a people can be changed by a powerful state. Having Germany in mind, I do not say fundamentally changed; but even if the change is not fundamental, it is terrible enough.

Yet, in spite of all this one goes on believing in a nonracial unity that can transcend racial difference. This is something that one has come to believe through experience of personal relationships, and it may be that what is possible in personal relationships is not possible in society. There have been many examples in history where two individuals from mutually hostile groups have greatly loved one another.

Now, is it possible or is it not possible to realize in society what one has realized in personal relationships? I believe one cannot answer the question. All that one can say is that there is within one an impulse to try to realize it, that this impulse is an integral part of one's self, and that it must be obeyed, for to disobey it is to do damage to the integrity of one's self. And what is more, one has fortunately already learned the lesson that a failure, or a measure of failure, to realize some social or political aim can be compensated for to a tremendous degree by the depth and warmth of one's personal relationships.

WHAT has life then taught me after all? She has taught me not to expect too much, though not in the sense of the cynical beatitude, "Blessed is he who expecteth nothing, for he shall not be disappointed." Life has not taught me to expect nothing, but she has taught me not to expect success to be the inevitable result of my endeavors. She has taught me to seek sustenance from the endeavor itself, but to leave the result to God. And the strange thing is that my parents taught me all this more than half a century ago. It is a lesson that—for me—had to be learned at least twice. When I learned it in my youth, it meant Sir Galahad and the Holy Grail. When I learned it in my age, it meant Christ and the road to Golgotha. And looking back upon it all, I would not wish it otherwise. Indeed, I cannot see how it could have been otherwise.

To try to be free of self-deception, to try to see with clear eyes oneself and others and the world, does not necessarily bring an undiluted kind of happiness. Yet it is something I would not exchange for any happiness built on any other foundation. There is only one way in which one can endure man's inhumanity to man and that is to try, in one's own life, to exemplify man's humanity to man. "Teach me, oh Lord, to seek not so much to be consoled as to console."



State of Affairs

Continued from page 10

Even the workers, whom the SDS would somehow like to persuade to join them, are still reluctant to engage in strikes for political reasons. But Rudi Dutschke, considered to be the spiritual leader of the student rebellion at the Free University in Berlin, foresees cooperation between workers and students. They have cooperated before in creating unrest and forcing the hands of the authorities, and Dutschke realizes that the students alone are not strong enough.

If the current recession in Germany leads to serious unemployment, it is difficult to predict what may happen. Developments could play into the hands of activists such as Dutschke (who is a refugee from East Germany). He and his fellow SDS workers obviously must be taken more seriously than the American New Left or the politically innocent hippies. The American student is politically naïve, he remains unorganized, and he is very much a dreamer. It is also much more difficult for him to operate a rebellion within the American political system, which is much more stable than the German and, by design, makes life very difficult for splinter groups. The German student, on the other hand, is politically much more sophisticated; he is more ideologically-minded, whether to the left or the right. He knows how to engage in militant opposition.

But it was interesting that Professor Richard Loewenthal, once a radical himself, speaking at the Berlin university where he also lectures, got almost unanimous approval when he argued in favor of the natural right to opposition, but rejected the use of force by minorities to escape from their minority position. He was also applauded when he maintained that no society could exist where some are dominated by others. "No society," he said, "can exist without sacrifice. The attempt to escape this uneasiness from a human point of view is easily understandable, but it is not a political alernative and only leads into the dream world of utopia."

Nobody knows whether the debate will get fiercer and the demonstrators more provocative when the universities resume in autumn, but the German public, the newspapers, and the authorities are watching with concern the blossoming of this new radicalism among the students. They are much more worried about it than the American public is about its radical movement—though the German students have derived much of their inspiration from the Berkeley campus. It only goes to show how political movements in one country, when adopted in another, can assume a different content and dimension.

—HENRY BRANDON.

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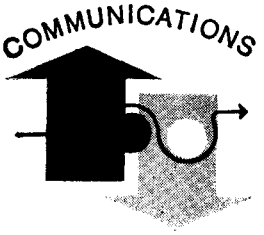
COMMUNICATIONS

Communications Editor: RICHARD L. TOBIN



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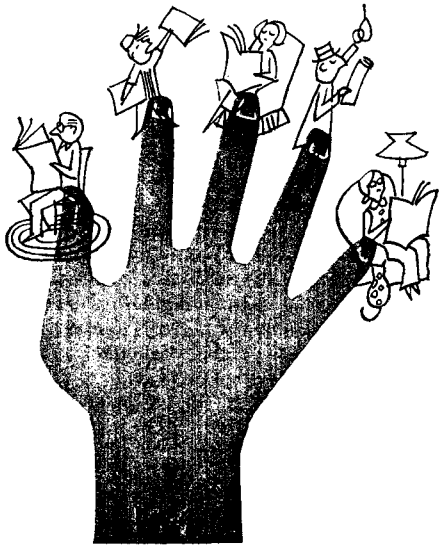

Antitrust Immunity and the Press

THE SENATE Antitrust and Monopoly Subcommittee has recessed hearings indefinitely on a bill to grant antitrust immunity for the merger or joint operation of financially shaky newspapers. We have been around a long time and we don't remember having come across anything quite as absurd as the newspaper fraternity's performance at these hearings. We sincerely hope that the bill will move no further and that the nation's newspaper executives will now go back to the business of printing the news and serving the public instead of wasting their time proposing such nonsense as legislative processes guaranteeing them their profits.

The Sherman Antitrust Act was enacted in 1890 in response to a public sense of the danger of unlimited political power and economic aggression. Senator John Sherman of Ohio stated in the original debates that if the concentrated power resulting from combination were entrusted to single entities, whether corporate or individual, the result would be inconsistent with democratic government. It was Senator Sherman's position that the United States could not endure as a democracy if dominance over the economic portion of the society were relinquished to a limited number of persons and he urged our nation not to submit to what he called an "autocrat of trade." The fact is that by now our antitrust attitude in this country, though not a formal part of the U.S. Constitution, has been woven into the organic law of the nation and is an irremovable part of it.

Several witnesses before the press hearings reiterated that, to a large degree, antitrust is concerned with the problem of maintaining balances between areas of the American society, both private and governmental. Gerald H. Gottlieb, a specialist in antitrust law, stated the philosophy with great clarity: "The integrity of a democratic government greatly depends upon the frustration of any tendency, conscious or otherwise, to bring excessive power into the hands of any private group. This position has been thoroughly stated and restated by the Congress during the past century."

Walter B. Kerr, president and general manager of the Santa Fe *New Mexican* and other Southwest papers, told the subcommittee that the bill would effectively prevent an outsider from entering the newspaper field in a given area. Mr. Kerr, who has had more than thirty continuous years' experience in the newspaper business, much of it at the executive level, believes that dozens of newspaper executives heard by the committee purposely painted a gloomy picture of the newspaper business. Mr. Kerr said: "They can hardly say otherwise, for if they fail to convince you that the newspaper business is—or soon may be—in a sorry state, they cannot persuade you that what should be changed are the antitrust laws rather than the agreements. I totally reject the gloomy picture they paint and the inferences they draw from it. The facts are otherwise. Further, I reject the implication that if a newspaper dies in a two-newspaper market, through forces beyond the control of the publisher or through mismanagement, the community will be deprived for all time of a second editorial

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voice. There are enterprising men in this country. The free enterprise system is not dead."

From the beginning we have strongly opposed antitrust immunity for the press and are delighted that it appears to have little chance of being enacted at the present session of the Congress. An unmerged press must be the objective in any democratic society. Dictatorships have sprung up in the kind of soil the press-monopoly bill would prepare. If it is true that newspapers in great metropolitan areas are having their troubles and that the absurdity of a city the size of New York with only one evening paper is bound to be contagious, it is equally true that somebody with imagination is going to come along one of these days and, using modern equipment and something less than Neanderthal methods, produce and successfully sell in a free competitive market a standard-size, conservatively edited New York evening paper. Since nature abhors a vacuum this fact is inevitable.

We believe that the Constitutional principle of freedom of the press is also

involved in granting special monopoly considerations to newspapers. If by law a certain newspaper or newspaper chain is granted immunity from antitrust statutes, then a disadvantage is placed upon anyone else wishing to publish a competing paper in the same region. And if newspapers are granted special exemption from monopoly laws, why shouldn't they be granted special exemption from health and labor laws, from the great variety of tax laws, from laws governing hours of work, and from all of the other labor-condition advances made in the past century? The thing soon becomes absurd, though the Senate hearings were held in perfect seriousness and at great public expense.

If a newspaper cannot make its way competitively it should go out of business, replaced by communications media that can make a go of it. At the same time, the recent rash of illegal and immoral, not to say unconstitutional, sit-ins of printing unions and other monopolistic practices prevalent in newspaper labor contracts should be dealt with legally and outlawed for the very reasons we've been discussing—they, too, violate the rights of a free press. Nothing should interfere with a free press, operating under competitive but fair economic rules. But a free press in America has no right to expect the Constitution also to guarantee its profits through monopoly.

—R. L. T.

Letters to the Communications Editor

Languishing Giant

I HAVE two comments on Raymond Swing's excellent article, "Radio: The Languishing Giant" [*SR*, Aug. 12]:

1) Regarding his statement that in World War II radio devoted hours in which advertisers were not charged tens of thousands of dollars per minute of network time because "It could afford small audiences," it should be remembered that much of this radio comment was government propaganda. Good or bad, it was paid for, in the last analysis, by the taxpayer.

2) Mr. Swing also states, "Now [in music] we lag far behind many countries that are far poorer in all other ways than we are." We are financially richer; they are *financially poorer. But we are poorer, culturally,* in many ways because of our overemphasis on profits which Mr. Swing properly deplores in television and radio.

But the key question remains: Whose propaganda will be disseminated if advertisers are eliminated?

JOHN L. GRUBER.

La Jolla, Calif.

EVEN THOUGH I am a great believer in radio, I have to agree with Raymond Swing that radio *is* a "languishing giant." Radio is failing in music and news.

I had to buy an FM set because of the horrendous sounds that pass for music on local AM stations. Music lovers should act as a group to promote music appreciation by letting the sponsors of low-quality music programs know that listeners want better music.

As for news, radio fails and succeeds depending on the type of news. Fires, wrecks, and dedications are covered in great detail. The news beats at City Hall and the County Courthouse are barely reported. But how can you give adequate coverage in five, ten, or fifteen minutes?

J. WILSON HARRISON.

Spartanburg, S.C.

HOW COULD Mr. Swing write about radio and fail to include the mention of Martha Deane, a "giant" in every sense of the word?

ELAINE GOLDMAN.

Brooklyn, N.Y.

If the Shoe Fits . . .

GEORGE MONTGOMERY in his article, "The War That Never Was" [*SR*, Aug. 12], says: "Some of the demonstrators waved their shoes at us—the ultimate Egyptian insult. Nobody with me knew just why waving a shoe is so terrible."

May I suggest that this insulting gesture *is a substitute for showing the sole of the* foot—a terrible insult among some Arabs? The demonstrators lining the tracks could hardly show the soles of their feet; they were standing on them, so they used their shoes instead.

IDA SELAVAN.

Pittsburgh, Pa.

THE FACT that NBC News correspondent George Montgomery can admit that his Arabic is nil should be a great enlightenment to the reading public. Most people would assume that a correspondent would be reasonably fluent in the language of the country to which he is assigned. A reporter based in London should report on the British scene. One based in Cairo, able to speak Arabic and understand the people, should report the Egyptian scene.

MRS. WILLIAM COWAN.

Providence, R.I.

Twenty-Four-Hour Voting

IN REGARD to R.L.T's editorial, "The Press and Twenty-Four-Hour Voting" [*SR*, Aug. 12], we in the United States would do well to look to Canada for an example.

Canada has the same problem of being spread out east to west over several time zones. During the day of Parliamentary elections, no results may be published or broadcast within any province whose polls are still open. Because of relatively uniform polling hours, therefore, election-result coverage moves westward in several jumps. Because of our uniform time law, we should also be able to adopt this rather simple yet effective plan so that our Western citizens could vote without undue and unfair influence.

DAVID A. KRAUSE.

Cleveland, O.

R.L.T., *in* "The Press and Twenty-Four-Hour Voting," refers to the *Literary Digest* poll of 1932. The poll which actually sank the *Digest* was on the Roosevelt-Landon election of 1936. Moreover, as a pre-election poll, it was hardly comparable to the other *instances cited in the same paragraph.*

CHARLES CHRISTENSON.

Brookline, Mass.

Corporate Publications

I ENJOYED reading Wilson Sullivan's article, "All In the Family" [*SR*, Aug. 12]. As art director of the *Marathon World* of Marathon Oil Company, I'm keenly interested in such reporting. Mr. Sullivan's comments were penetrating and enlightening. His comment, "A company perhaps serves its own interests most effectively when it serves them least obviously," is well taken.

STAN CORFMAN.

Findlay, O.

I HAVE just read Wilson Sullivan's article, "All in the Family," and think his evaluation

(*Continued on page* 62)

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WASHINGTON: A REPORTER'S MEMOIR

By TOM WICKER

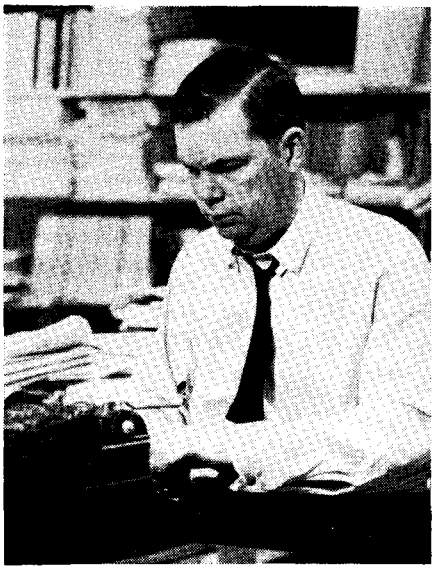
IN THE SUMMER when I was nine years old my parents gathered up what cash the Depression had left them and took my sister and me to see Washington. I never got over it.

My father worked for the Seaboard Air Line Railway, whose passenger trains his family consequently could ride free; this was the great privilege of my youth and caused me to admire my father wildly. He could also get a mysterious document called a "trip pass" from other —I thought lesser—lines, and for this excursion we got one from the Richmond, Fredericksburg, and Potomac (R F & P, we called it). That meant we had only to pay the Pullman fare, and in those days a family of four could make out perfectly well—at least we did—with a lower for the parents, an upper for the kids, and a box of sandwiches and fried chicken.

The trip was overnight, from Hamlet, North Carolina, and I don't recall much about it except that my sister and I kept the car awake half the night and I didn't want the porter to move the ladder. But I remember coming out of Union Station the next morning, in brilliant sunshine, and looking across the great plaza to the Capitol; a fierce, choking patriotism blazed in my breast. I thought the dome against the sky was the most beautiful sight I had ever seen, and I still do.

I remember the little Negro children who were playing in the huge fountain before the station—marvelous privilege of the city child! I remember more cars going past than I had ever seen, and the trolleys sliding to a halt under the stone façade that seemed to tower miles above me. I remember the trees and the grass and the people sitting on benches and a man selling balloons. Along the right side of the plaza there was a row of hotels, elegant and expensive—or so I thought, and that made it true. Only children know how to arrive.

We stayed in a rooming house. As I recall, it must have been somewhere out on East Capitol Street; the trolleys went past the door, and it was only a short ride to the Capitol. We went there one night to sit on the grass and listen to the United States Marine Band play on the very spot—someone told us—where Franklin Delano Roosevelt had been sworn in as President. The glorious ring of that name—Roosevelt!—made the place hallowed to me. (I have seen Eisenhower, Kennedy, and Johnson sworn in there, but I am a child of the Depression and I will always think of it as the place where Roosevelt personally saved my father's house and job and where the Marine Band played in his honor and maybe my family's on a hot summer night when I was nine years old and knew more than I ever will again.)



—*The New York Times.*

Tom Wicker—at work in the *Times* Washington bureau.

MY mother wept in the Lincoln Memorial, and why not? A smiling man took us on a sightseeing tour. We stood in the blistering heat outside the Washington Monument, waiting for the elevator, and when we reached the top my father held me under the arms so I could see out the small barred windows. We talked about the man who had tried to catch a baseball somebody dropped from one of those windows and what would happen if an airplane flew into the monument. We marveled at the green money flowing from the presses at the Bureau of Engraving and we stared in silence at Lindbergh's *Spirit of St. Louis* and the Wright brothers' plane suspended above us at the Smithsonian Institution, and took in the waxed dummies wearing all the First Ladies' inaugural gowns; but I liked the old cars and locomotives best, and the engine that even small boys could operate. We toured the FBI and saw the fingerprint machines and were told how they got Dillinger. I was proud to have been a Melvin Purvis Junior G-Man. We went through the White House in a long line, even though the smiling man who drove us on our sightseeing tour said Mr. Roosevelt was off on his sailboat somewhere. My mother said she liked to think of him getting a good rest.

We shrieked with laughter at the Monkey House in the zoo and recoiled with shudders from the snakes. We took the boat trip to Mount Vernon and ate ice cream on the deck and hung over the rail to watch the water curling back from the bow. Then, up the steep green hillside and through that fascinating place with its smokehouse and separate kitchen and slave quarters and the bed where George Washington died. Then we went cautiously down the path, a little fearful, to stand in silence before the tomb where George and Martha lay; my sister and I held our breaths, because we believed the signs implicitly and thought that if we made a single sound we would be dishonored forever.

Later we gawked at the fish in the little aquarium in the Commerce Building, watched the guard changed at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, and walked with special Southern reverence through the beautiful house where Robert E. Lee forsook the Union. We went to Ford's Theatre, too, and saw the door with the little hole in it through which John Wilkes Booth peeped on the fatal night; and then crossed 10th Street to the drab, small, somehow shocking house where Abraham Lincoln passed to the ages. I did not like it much; I had wanted to take the Cabin John trolley to Glen Echo amusement park and ride the roller coaster, but my father drew the line at that.

And a final treat: we had dinner, our last night, in the Occidental Restaurant. Someone had told us it was the place where the famous men of Washington ate; I only remember it was crowded, noisy, brilliant with light. (Now, sometimes, I have lunch there and it is still crowded and noisy and I wonder what table our family had that night—those two wide-eyed children, my father, my mother, spending money they could ill afford to make sure our trip was complete. If I thought it was a bad, out-of-the-way table I could never go there again.)

The next year in school I reported to

Tom Wicker is chief of the Washington bureau of *The New York Times*. This article is a preview of his introduction to the forthcoming book, *Washington: The New York Times Guide to the Nation's Capital.*
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the fourth grade on what we had seen in Washington. My teacher said I was a lucky boy, and I think I was. I never forgot that fair city—the long, broad avenues with the trees of summer hanging over them, the view from the Monument, the old cars at the Smithsonian, the silence at Washington's tomb, the green slopes at Arlington.

Now I live in Washington—one of the few desires of my life that, fulfilled, has not disappointed me. For one thing, out past the crowds of tourists and the downtown streets and the great monuments and buildings there is a pleasant, quiet, almost placid city where at least the fortunate among us can raise our families and spend our leisure in something like comfort—a commodity in increasingly short supply in urban America.

One of Washington's distinctions, I think, is that it is mostly a residential city. Beyond its fairly restricted government and downtown areas Washington is a city of houses and quiet streets and power mowers on Sunday morning. One can have a house and yard not unlike the ones I knew in the South years ago and still walk a half-hour to work in the heart of the city—a pleasant walk, too.

There has been an apartment explosion and a lot of people live ten floors up, with or without a balcony and a pool on the roof. But the basic living unit here is the house—rowhouses with quiet rear gardens in Georgetown, big old barns with surrounding yards like mine in Cleveland Park, imposing mansions, boxy cottages, duplexes, triplexes, ramblers, split-level homes. People give a lot of dinner parties at home, in all styles from black tie with three wines to walking shorts with charcoal grills. Almost everyone I know is something of a gardener, and when Bill Henry, the former chairman of the Federal Communications Commission, left town in 1966, his parting gift to close friends was a dogwood tree for each.

It is also a city for children. The schools are starved by Congress but the place is full of parks and playgrounds and out in Rock Creek Park there is the zoo, with a white tiger and the world's largest bird cage; even farther out, there is the nature center where children can watch bees making honey in a glass hive, learn about the plant life around them, and see movies about mountain lions and horned owls. Small boys can fish in Rock Creek or on the banks of the Potomac, and everywhere you look there is a picnic table and a fireplace. Perspiring fathers can puff along after their progeny on the Nature Trail in Glover-Archbold Park. It is as easy to play tennis here as it is anywhere in the world, although there is a dismal shortage of public swimming pools—Congress again. In Montrose Park there is a spectacular hill where sledders can risk their necks between the trees, and that is only one of many well-sledded trails.

A baseball game goes on all summer long at the Macomb Street playground near my house and probably at dozens of others. You can still rent a barge and get yourself towed up the C&O Canal, or walk the towpath if you prefer. And when a child's birthday demands a special treat, it's hard to beat the FBI tour, the Smithsonian, the Marine Retreat, or the displays in the National Geographic building. For more serious outings there are the National Gallery of Art, the enthralling Phillips Gallery, and the children's concerts of the National Symphony. D.C. Stadium is one of the best places anywhere to take a boy to see a big-league ball game, and there's always softball or touch football on the Ellipse within sight of the White House and the Washington Monument.

NOR is Washington really, as myth has it, either a provincial or a stuffy city. As Russell Baker points out, most of us are not natives and all too few of us can count on permanency here or afford to leave the fences unmended on the old home place. For numerous Washingtonians, what goes on elsewhere in the country is of extreme importance—what the voters are thinking in Missouri, for instance, or what economic conditions are in Oregon, or how the Governor of Michigan is faring. For many others the events of the whole wide world are just as vital.

Thus, while "shop talk" is the staple of conversation here—where is it not?—it is apt to be of sweeping variety. At any one dinner party the shop talk can range from the problems of NATO to the primaries in California, from the war in Vietnam to the moods of the President, from the latest odds on the Secretary of State's tenure of office to the progress of school desegregation. Provincial? Not half so much as what one hears at similar dinner parties in, say, New York, where it is well known that the country is bounded on the west by the Hudson River; or San Francisco, where it is not certain that the Eastern Seaboard exists.

On the other hand, when Otto Preminger filmed *Advise and Consent* here and passed the word for extras, Washingtonians turned out like so many small-town gawkers to get themselves in the movies. They will turn out, too, for almost any parade, whether for an astronaut or the Cherry Blossom Festival; and almost any foreign dignitary can count on a good audience if the President takes him for the short ceremonial whirl from the White House along E Street to 14th, up 14th to New York Avenue, then along New York and Pennsylvania Avenues back to the White House.

They say most people who live in New York never go to the Broadway theater, and I suppose most people who live in Washington never get to the Capitol or the Lincoln Memorial or the Supreme Court, either. That is not the point. They are there, and one has only to hail a taxi or catch the bus. I like to think that I can take my children down to watch the

(*Continued on page* 53)

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House of Representatives in session almost any time I want to and that the black car speeding past my house is the President's and that on Inauguration Day, naturally, we'll be there in the crowd. When I took my little girl to the circus at the D.C. Armory we stopped on the way to ride the little underground railroad between the Capitol and the Senate Office Building. We can take a five-minute walk through Normanstone Drive, past the house where John Foster Dulles used to live, past the Canadian Embassy residence, up Massachusetts Avenue a bit, and examine the new statue of Winston Churchill which has one foot on American soil and the other on the territory of the British Embassy. Then we can cut behind the embassy and come out in Montrose Park, which is next door to Dumbarton Oaks, where they planned the United Nations and where there are some of the most beautiful formal gardens in America.

On my way to work I can pass through the block of N Street between Connecticut and 17th; a few fine old houses live above the parking lots in there, where Franklin Roosevelt resided when he was Assistant Secretary of the Navy in Wilson's Administration. When I walk from my office to the White House I go past Dolley Madison's old house, and Stephen Decatur's, within sight of the block where John Hay and Henry Adams used to live side by side, down the opposite side of Lafayette Square from the spot where Gen. Dan Sickles, hero of Gettysburg, shot his wife's lover, and half a block east of Blair House, where a White House policeman named Leslie Coffelt died on the sidewalk in 1950 defending Harry Truman's life. Across Pennsylvania Avenue is one of my personal favorites, the old State-War-Navy Building, a massively detailed Victorian pile with high ceilings, tiled corridors, and some of the few remaining offices with real fireplaces.

My own office building is on one of the city's busiest corners—Connecticut Avenue, K Street, and 17th Street—but trees line the sidewalks and I look out over Farragut Square all year long. Office girls eat lunch on the grass in favorable weather—a pretty sight indeed. President Kennedy came back from Europe with an idea for beautifying the city trash cans and it worked; ours are the handsomest anywhere. Now officials are planting flowers and trees in every available space and Washington is blooming. (I'm not sure I approve of the magnolias they planted up the middle of Connecticut Avenue over the old trolley tunnel; I don't believe they'll have enough root space and I am against cramped trees.)

Other cities, of course, have their own distinctions and style. And just as those cities have their dark undersides, so does Washington.

Pierre L'Enfant's splendid, flawed plan for the original city—never fully put into effect—has been distorted by numerous subsequent planners and even more by haphazard growth into something infrequently magnificent, at times ridiculous, at times nightmarish. Of its main features, only the twin centers of the Capitol and White House, the Mall L'Enfant envisioned as a magnificent American promenade, and the broad avenues (yielding a high annual rate of pedestrian mortality) survive as anything like their creator intended. His multiple intersections, instead of being bustling islands of urban activity in a sea of residential tranquility, are honking horrors of circling traffic; the great vistas he hoped for are swallowed in urban tangle, save for the Mall—which is too sun-baked for summertime strolling. And if, as Paul Spreiregen commented some years ago in the *Journal of the American Institute of Architects*, a city plan influenced by the Baroque concept of Versailles really was "an assertion of a bold new republic in a barely touched wilderness," today it seems more nearly like some nineteenth-century millionaire's castle transported brick by brick from its European setting to an esthetically uncertain America.

Worse, if the "plan" of the federal city has been distorted by growth and in its turn has distorted growth, then beyond the limits of L'Enfant's sketch maps there is little but helter-skelter. Far into the Virginia and Maryland countryside sprawl the suburbs, some tight and lovely like Kenwood with its cherry trees, most flung down with a builder's giant careless hand on treeless plains that were formerly forests, some waiting hideously to become official slums. The freeway builders, frantically flinging as much traffic as possible into Washington's already strangling thoroughfares, are at once behind in their work and agitating for the privilege of pouring concrete over everything. Rapid transit does not exist, although a limited subway system soon will be under construction; some federal workers who live in far-out suburbs actually arrive in their parking lots at 5 and 6 o'clock in the morning to avoid rush-hour traffic, then sleep behind the wheel until time to punch the clock. What they suffer on the way home is ghastly to contemplate, especially in the special torture Washington reserves for creeping motorists—August.

East of 16th Street, whole areas are entirely populated by Negroes living in the poverty and slum conditions they have endured so long in other cities. Many of them can see the Capitol dome from the littered alleys and cluttered sidewalks and bare, sun-baked porches that are their escape from the tenements; it can hardly be an inspiring view.

Washington is famous for crime and rape and muggers—although I know of no statistics which prove it the worst in this regard, or even an unsafe city. The fact that it has a majority of Negroes, and its hierarchy of Southern politicians, combine to foster the myth that black men make this a terrified place. But there is no part of Washington so sullen as the Watts district of Los Angeles or Oakland's Negro ghetto, so seething as New York's Harlem, or more dangerous than its Central Park.

The petty bureaucracy of what is laughingly called the District of Columbia government is inefficient, impervious, and immovable. Congress is responsible, in many ways, for inadequate school budgets, shocking welfare payments and institutions, and low prices at the whiskey stores (you can buy better wines more cheaply in Washington than in any city I know—a poor consolation).

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HOW DID LANGUAGE BEGIN?

By MARIO PEI

THERE are many theories, all unproved, as to how language began. Most picturesque among them is the "bow-wow" hypothesis to the effect that men began to speak by imitating the natural sounds they heard, or thought they heard, around them.

The barking of a dog would strike the ear of the leader of a small band of primitive humans. It would sound to him like "bow-wow," and as he tried to imitate it he would convey to the others, by pointing to the dog and repeating "bow-wow," that the creature that made that particular sound should henceforth be referred to as "bow-wow." Too simple? Yet consider how often children spontaneously fasten upon some utterance produced by one of their number and use it to designate him, pointing to him in derision as they do it.

The scientific name for this process is onomatopoeia, or "name-making." Less scientific but easier to pronounce and spell is "echoic word." You echo what you hear. If the fall of a big tree in the forest sounds to you like "crash," that is what you use to designate that type of sound. The noise produced by a bee may sound like "hum" or "buzz." Words like "click," "wham," "bang" all seem to be of echoic origin.

Different breeds of dogs bark in different ways, or the same sound may be differently interpreted and echoed by various human beings. This would account for "bow-wow," "woof-woof," "yip-yip," and "arf-arf" all appearing in the same language. If you have many languages, the differences may be far greater.

English has perhaps more echoic words than any other civilized tongue. Is this because we are more primitive and elemental? Or because our language runs more to monosyllables and avoids endings? Or because we make greater use of comic strips, where the picture largely tells the story but sound effects have to be graphically portrayed?

Yet the echoic word does not have to be monosyllabic, or even repetitive, especially if the sound it portrays strikes the ear as composite. Among early echoic words that are not repetitive are ancient Sanskrit *chish-chá,* denoting the "whiz" of an arrow in flight followed by the sound of its impact, and *kikirá,* to denote a palpitating sound like our "pitter-patter" of the heart.

Both Greek and Latin had plenty of echoic words, a few of which, like the Latin *murmur,* have been passed on to us. The Roman grammarian Quintilian describes Latin as poor in such sounds, but the facts don't seem to bear him out. Both Latin and Greek, however, are languages given to endings that denote specific parts of speech, so that many of what must have been originally one-syllable echoic words appear as two- or three-syllable nouns, verbs, and adjectives. For example, one of the Latin words meaning "to bark" is *baubari,* where the *-ari* ending is merely an infinitive suffix; the Roman "bow-wow" was evidently *bau* or *bau-bau,* though it does not appear by itself in the literary records that have come down to us. "To neigh" in Latin is *hinnire;* here again the Roman speakers must have used the root *hinn-* when they wished merely to imitate the neighing of a horse.

The Greeks did better in leaving us records of bare echoic roots. To them the croak of a frog was *koax,* but that of a raven was *kro.* The grunt of a pig (our "oink") was *gru,* but the squeal of a small pig was *koi.* The bleating of a sheep (our "baa") was to them *beh,* and it is a joke among linguists that as the Greek sounds changed during the course of centuries, the same written word came to be pronounced *vee,* which does not at all sound like a sheep, thus proving that animal language remains the same though human speech changes. Even the speakers of Sanskrit have left us their idea of "splash" as represented by *bal, p-hal,* or *p-hat.*

It is fairly evident by this time that different groups hear the same sound in different fashions. What to us is the "smack" of a kiss is to Spanish speakers *muá.* The "snip-snip" of a pair of scissors sound like *krits-krits* to the modern Greeks, *su-su* to the Chinese, *cri-cri* to the Italians, *riqui-riqui* to the Spaniards, *terre-terre* to the Portuguese. Our "bang" of a pistol may come out as *bam, pam, pan,* even *tau.* The "crash" of a tray of plates and cups falling to the floor is *kling* to the Danes, *krats* to the Finns, *chir-churr* to the Hungarians, *hua-la-la* to the Chinese, while the comic strip "wham" of someone sitting down suddenly and very hard is *pan* in French, *cataplúm* in Spanish, *catrapuz-bum* in Portuguese, *patatrac* or *patapunf* in Italian. Even the ringing of a phone, for which we have no echoic word (unless we accept "ring" itself, or "tinkle") may come out as *dringh* in Greek, *drin* in Italian, *kili* in Finnish, *tlim* in Portuguese.

But along with this diversity there are widespread resemblances. The Latin *murmur,* which has come down to most Western languages, appears in very similar form in Armenian, Lithuanian, Greek, even Sanskrit, where *marmarah* means "noisy." Our "gurgle" is *glut-glut* in Latin, *glu-glu* in Italian. Even our "slap" has a close equivalent in Latin—*stlop-(pus)*—from which, interestingly, Italian and Spanish derive their words for "shotgun": *schioppo, escopeta.* The "ho-ho-ho" of the Jolly Green Giant is *khokhot* in Russian, *kakhat* in Sanskrit.

ANIMALS have proved their superiority over humans by achieving an international language within their respective species. There is no convincing evidence that the braying of a donkey, the cackling of a hen, the quacking of a duck, the mooing of a cow is any different in China or the Soviet Union from what it is in the United States. But there can be vast differences in human reception and rendition.

Most standardized, perhaps, among animal sounds is the cow's "moo" (it may, of course, be spelled *mu,* and French has an interesting variation—*meuh*). Second in standardization is the cat's "meow" (here the spelling runs from Italian *miao* and French *miaou* to German and Rumanian *miau*). But Japanese has *nya-nya,* and Arabic has a double form, *nau-nau* for ordinary meowing, but *maw-oom* for the cat's voice in the mating season. This unanimity does not extend to the cat's "purr," which Spanish imitates as *arro-arro-arro* and French as *ronron.*

The bleating of the sheep gives rise to two renditions, one with *b-,* the other with *m-.* Greek, Latin, English, Spanish, Italian, Russian, and Vietnamese favor the first (Russian has *bya-bya,* Vietnamese has *be-be*); German, Rumanian, Chinese, and Japanese favor the *m-*sound (*ma-ma* or *me-me*). French and Arabic use both.

The crowing of a rooster and the cackling of a hen have only one element that is internationally common, an initial *k-*sound, often repeated elsewhere in the word; everything else is different. Corresponding to English "cock-a-doodle-doo" is the French *cocorico,* Spanish *quiquiriquí,* Italian *chicchirichì,* German *kikiriki,* Rumanian *cucurigu,* Russian *ku-kareku,* Arabic *ko-ko* or *qee-qee* (*q* in Arabic is a very guttural *k,* pronounced

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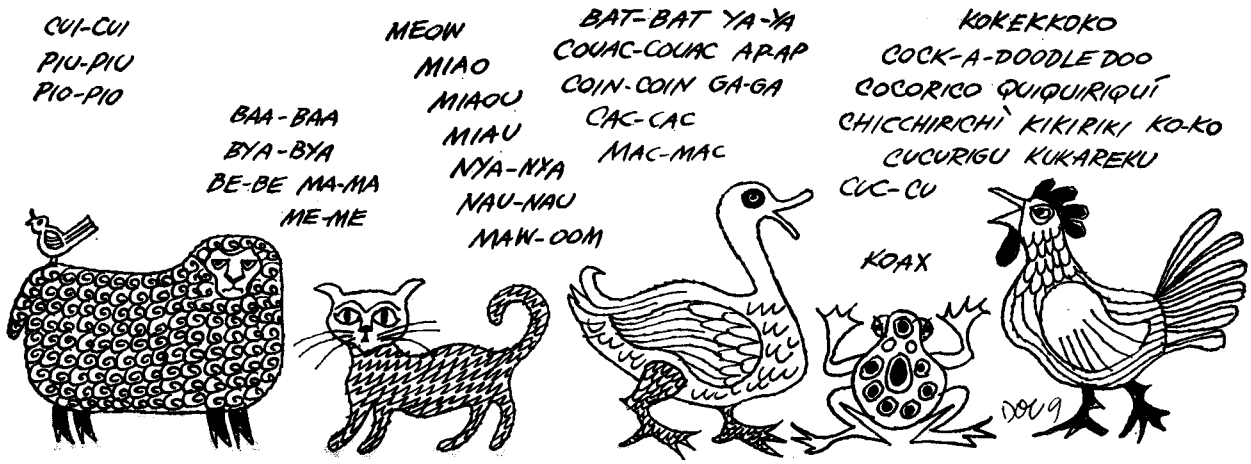

as far back in the throat as you can get it), Japanese *kokekkoko,* and Vietnamese *cuc-cu.*

For the hen's cackle, English does not have a real echoic word. (We make up for it by imitating a turkey's "gobble-gobble," which few other languages bother about.) Here French has *cot-cot,* Rumanian has *cotcodac,* Italian has *coc-cote,* Arabic has *qa-qa,* Chinese has *ko-ko-ko,* Japanese has *kukku,* Vietnamese has *cuc-tac.* Even Latin had *co-co* or, with greater repetition, *co-co-co-co.*

We lack an imitation of the horse's neigh, which Italian portrays very graphically with *ih-ih-ih-ih-ih.* Rumanian has *hi-hi-hi,* Arabic *hem-hem,* Japanese *hi-hin,* and Vietnamese *hi.* On the other hand, we have a donkey's "hee-haw." Here French has *hi-han,* Italian and Chinese share *i-o,* German and Russian share *i-a,* Rumanian has *i-hau,* Arabic uses *ham-ham* or *hee-hee.*

There is considerable internationality in the duck's "quack-quack". French uses *couac-couac* or *coin-coin* (the latter sounds like "kwan-kwan"). Spanish has *cuac-cuac,* Italian has *qua-qua,* German shares *quack-quack* with us, Russian has *kva-kva,* Vietnamese has *cac-cac.* But Japanese begins to diverge with *ga-ga;* Rumanian carries it on to *mac-mac,* Arabic to *bat-bat,* Mandarin Chinese to *ya-ya,* and South China's Cantonese to *ap-ap.*

No language seems to have a real lion sound, though many use our own "grrr" for any kind of growl or roar. Arabic, because of some contact with lions in their native habitat, uses *u,* which is a prolonged *oo.* Vietnamese has no lion sound, but with plenty of tigers in the land the tiger's roar is imitated as *ham-hu* or *gam-gu.*

Animals have imitation words where they are well known to the people. The Nutka Indians of Alaska imitate the sound of a whale as *'hw* (constriction of the throat, strongly uttered *h,* sound of *w*). Eskimo tribes prefer *peu-wu.* Closest to our "oink" for a pig's grunt is French *oui-oui,* which means that in France the pig is forever saying yes. Quite remote are Russian *khru-khru* and Rumanian *guits-guits.* The "peep" and "chirp" of chicks and small birds are imitated as *pio-pio* in Italian, *piu-piu* in Rumanian, *cui-cui* in French.

The dog, who contributed one of his names to the "bow-wow theory," has the most far-reaching divergences, due perhaps to different breeds but also to the fact that it was probably the first animal domesticated by man (the dog was the sole domestic animal of the North American Indians). Corresponding to our assorted "bow-wow," "woof-woof," "yip-yip," and "arf-arf" we find French *oua-oua* (pronounced "wah-wah"), Italian *bu-bu,* Spanish *guau-guau* or *jau-jau* (pronounced "how-how"), Rumanian *ham-ham* (with *a* of "father"), German *hau-hau* or *wau-wau,* Russian *vas-vas* or *vaf-vaf,* Arabic *'au-'au* (constrict the throat at the start), Vietnamese *gau-gau,* Turkish *hov-hov,* Chinese *wang-wang,* and Japanese *wan-wan.* Even ancient Sanskrit had *bhuk-bhuk.*

KINDRED to echoic words are interjections, those exclamatory sounds which we use to express pain, pleasure, surprise, disgust, annoyance, joy, sorrow, or simply to call someone's attention. These come closest to the natural, spontaneous sounds made by animals. Some are surprisingly international, others surprisingly different. As a sample of the first, we find in the ancient Sanskrit of the Vedas all of these familiar forms: *a, ha, haha, ahaha, he, hai.* But some can undergo amazing changes in meaning in the course of time. The Latin *bua* is described as "a sound made by infants to denote what they are drinking." The same word is used by children today in Italy, but it means "to hurt," "to ache," "to have a sore spot," or "to be ill." To call someone's attention at a distance we generally use "Hey!" The ancient Greeks used *eia,* the Romans *eho,* the modern Italians, particularly in Rome, *ao.*

I once asked a girl who was completely trilingual, having been brought up in New York, Paris, and Havana in equal measure, whether she had ever gotten her three languages mixed up. She thought and thought, then brightened up. "Yes! One time, on Varadero Beach in Cuba, someone stuck me with a pin, and I yelled 'Ouch!' instead of *'Ay!'* " On a French beach, she should have yelled *"Aie!"* or *"Ouille!"* In Italy it would have been *"Aio!,"* in Hungary *"Jaj!"* (pronounced "yoy"), in Finland *"Boi!,"* in Japan *"Itai!."*

WE indicate disgust by using "blah" or "aak" ("phooey" is a recent borrowing from Yiddish). In Spanish it's *huy* or *uf,* in Italian *uffa,* in *French fi, pfutt,* or *zut,* in German *pfui.* In a good many of these, there seems to be some imitation of the sound of spitting. But Latin used *pro.*

Sorrow used to be indicated by "Alas!," but this, save for the initial *a,* is not an echoic word. It comes from Old French *ah, las!*—"Oh, weary (me)!" Our real international exclamation of sorrow is, historically, the "woe" of "Woe is me!" This has wide range, from Latin *vae* of *vae victis* ("Woe unto the conquered!") to Welsh *gwae,* Gothic *wai,* Armenian *vai,* Old Persian *avoi.* But Latin had, side by side with *vae,* also *eu, eheu,* and *ei* (the last often combined with *mihi*—"Woe is me"). Greek used *pheu,* which is perhaps linked to the German *pfui.* This *pheu* has come down into the college yell of Italian university students: *"Pheu, pheu; baru!"* —"Alas, alas; way down in the dumps!" But the old sorrowful connotation is altogether lost, and the mournful Greek words have been turned into a happy rallying cry. Thus do the centuries work their ways on language.

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ERICH SALOMON: CANDID HISTORIAN

By MARGARET R. WEISS

A SCANT fifteen years spanned Erich Salomon's first exposures with a small Ermanox camera and his last days facing death in Auschwitz. Yet within that interval a law practice had been forgotten, a promotion job in publishing resigned, a photography career pursued, and a historian's role assured.

"Reference books usually cite my father as the photographer whose work inspired the term 'candid camera'," Peter Hunter-Salomon told me on a recent visit, "but he thought of himself primarily as a historian." And it was this concept that guided his son in editing photographs and text for the new book, *Erich Salomon: Portrait of an Age* (Macmillan).

Though as a photojournalist Salomon enjoyed catching cogent sideglances of the social scene—the "unguarded moments" of high society at the Hotel Kaiserhof or celebrities on Hollywood and Vine—he gravitated toward the statesmen and political leaders of his day, finding among them his most telling subjects. "With a reporter's nose for news, he just seemed to know *when* to be *where*, and how to penetrate the most carefully guarded political meetings," his son recalls. "He elected to live in expensive hotels which diplomats would choose. Several factors worked in his favor: He was fluent in five languages; he needed little sleep and was accustomed to late hours; he had great dignity and a penchant for formal dress."

And, we may add, he had perseverance and ingenuity as well. Using a blend of strategy and stratagem that was in the tradition of the best of press photographers, he succeeded in documenting restricted trial proceedings in the courtroom, sitting among the deputies in the Reichstag, occupying the absent Polish diplomat's seat at the signing of the Kellogg-Briand Pact, making the first informal photographs in the White House, and taking the first pictures of the U.S. Supreme Court in session.

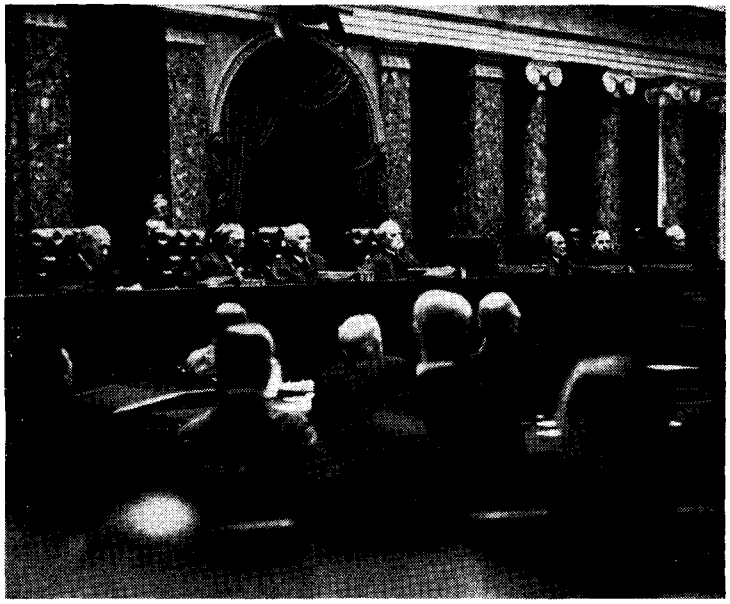
Tactically—and practically—Salomon affirmed "the power of the *fait accompli*" —"If you stand before the doors of the meeting room and ask the man in charge to let you in, it is not hard for that man to tell you all the reasons he can't let you in. If, however, before the meeting begins, you are already in the room, the man in charge has to ask you to leave that room —and this requires a far greater psychological effort on his part."

To facilitate capturing informal, spontaneous shots, Salomon designed a remote-control device for his camera and resorted to an assortment of "diplomatic pouches" in which the lens could function undetected. But none of this was done in the spirit of a spying *papparazzo*. Rather, he shied away from any view that would detract from the essential dignity of the individual or show the person in an embarrassing light merely for shock value.

In the rare instances when it was impossible to gain entrée into exclusive social functions or secret sessions, the photographer improvised shooting techniques that have since become standard operating procedure for visual reporting. He simply shot his picture through a window or aimed for a "symbolic" photograph, focusing on a detail such as the hats and walking sticks left outside the door of a prime minister's suite.

"There is a Salomon legend—it is not always accurate, but it is always characteristic," notes Peter Hunter-Salomon. "For example, it is true that he once made use of a window-washer's ladder to photograph a Hague conference through the window. . . . I am dubious, however, about the story which has it that he kneeled once for thirty minutes beside the bier of a cardinal, his camera hidden in a Bible."

But, unlike the legend, there is little doubt about Erich Salomon's photographic legacy. His portrait of an age is both accurate and characteristic.



Washington, 1932—First photograph of U.S. Supreme Court in session. (Camera was built into an attaché case.)

Paris, 1928—Guests of honor witness signing of Kellogg-Briand Pact to outlaw war.

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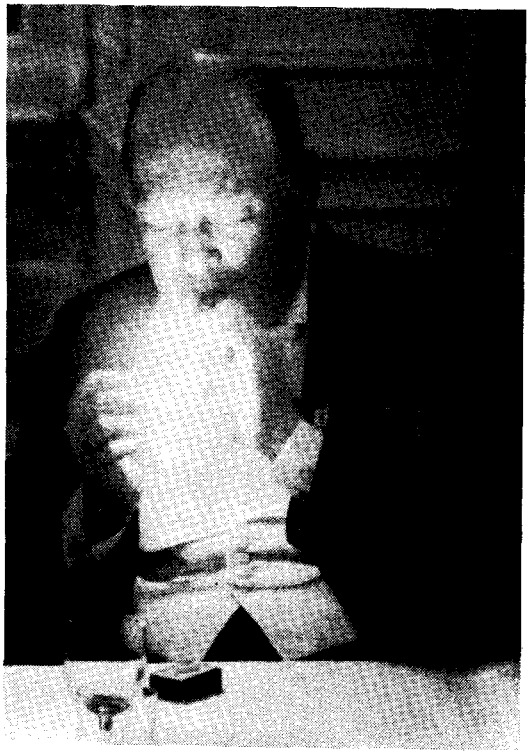
Photographs by Erich Salomon
(Magnum and Peter Hunter Press Features.)

Paris-to-London parlor car, 1931—German and French delegates en route to the Seven-Power Conference.



London, 1937—Winston Churchill at Austrian Legation dinner in honor of King George VI's coronation.

Washington, 1932—Illinois Senator James Hamilton Lewis during a Senate Foreign Relations Committee meeting.

Berlin, 1931—At a British diplomatic reception: (l to r) Max Planck, Ramsay MacDonald, Albert Einstein, Hermann Dietrich, I. G. Farben's Mr. Schmitz, Julius Curtius.

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MARRIAGE, AGENCY STYLE

By GEORGE LAZARUS

MERGERS and acquisitions may not be sweeping the advertising agency industry, but they are causing a lot of heat in many offices. The question of *whether* to merge often gives way to *how*.

Underlying the problem is survival in a business which is constantly proving competitive in attracting and holding clients both big and small (you would be surprised how many agencies billing more than $50,000,000 a year will aggressively solicit a $200,000 or $300,000 account), luring talent, and providing increased services.

Though "The Man in the Gray Flannel Suit" makes a fine income, he works in a profession where profit margins are lower than in many other fields. In fact, the average agency member of the American Association of Advertising Agencies (Four-As) has made less than a penny net profit on the dollar of billing annually for the last decade—the same margin as in the supermarket industry.

Merger fever is not peculiar to the agency business, or to corporations, for that matter. Corporate consolidations this year are headed for a new record—now forecast at 2,600 mergers by W. T. Grimm and Company, financial consultants. There were 2,377 mergers in 1966. And the marriage of firms was up 10 per cent in the first half of this year.

On the agency level, acquisitions and consolidations have been fairly common, though hardly comparable in number to corporation marriages. In 1966, an estimated fifty mergers of agencies took place. But, the activity or intensity has picked up noticeably in the last fifteen years, during which time the advertising business has enjoyed its greatest growth and more than doubled its volume to an annual expenditure of nearly $17 billion. The ad outlay was almost $7.2 billion in 1952, reports *Advertising Age*.

A ten-year span (1957 to 1966) may well be recorded in advertising history as the era of the big merger. The Erwin Wasey and Ruthrauff and Ryan agencies merged in 1957 to form an organization billing $73,000,000. Six years later, though, Interpublic bought up Erwin Wasey, Ruthrauff & Ryan in perhaps the biggest agency acquisition of all time.

Based on published figures, Clyne Maxon's acquistion by Batten, Barton, Durstine & Osborn nearly two years ago was the second biggest consolidation. But there have been several other marriages involving substantial billings, such as the merger of Needham, Louis, & Brorby and Doherty, Clifford, Steers, & Shenfield and the consolidation of Tatham-Laird and Kudner. Both of these were Chicago-dominated—that is, both Needham and Tatham were based in Chicago and were bigger than their New York partners. Despite this, these marriages were designed to improve each other's position competitively in New York. (Chicago-based agencies generally have had difficulty competing for clients in the lush New York market, either with or without an office there.)

There have been scores of mergers involving small and medium-sized shops. Interpublic's takeover of Erwin Wasey might not have been the biggest merger if discussions between Detroit-based Campbell-Ewald and D'Arcy Advertising Company, St. Louis, had not collapsed four years ago. These talks were never reported publicly in the advertising trade press.

A SMALL percentage of agency merger talks is consummated compared to the total of feelers and informal and formal discussions relative to a consolidation. Only one of every ten prospective mergers—those that are in the exploratory stage—are actually completed, reports Ira Rubel, president of Rubel and Humphrey, a Chicago-based management consulting firm. Mr. Rubel represents a number of agencies and has helped seal many mergers in the advertising business.

Is the era of the big agency merger over? No, indeed! Though agencies with billing in excess of $50,000,000 would probably face problems because of client conflicts, other agencies are exploring regularly. A conflict, for example, might involve rival cosmetics accounts.

The urge to merge is still very evident for a variety of reasons, some of which are similar to those of corporation marriages, with the end goal of an improved competitive position, diversification, and better profits. Rubel believes that merger

activity is on the upswing, especially among small and medium-sized agencies. For one of his clients, Rubel recently wrote a letter expressing a merger inquiry to thirty-nine agencies on the West Coast. Thirty-six agencies answered, all interested in holding talks.

Competing in today's business climate can be a rough proposition for the small and medium-sized agencies. Clients are demanding more services; talent is not only scarce but costly. And a small or medium-sized agency is sometimes at a disadvantage in seeking the same account as a bigger agency which has specialists and depth of personnel.

"You'd be surprised how many agencies with billing in the $10,000,000 to $20,000,000 range are starving to death financially," said one agency president. "We know because we're a bit bigger and we're having problems maintaining a decent profit."

Bigness doesn't necessarily mean that an agency is better than its counterparts in creative output. Bigger agencies, however, provide so many services to attract and keep business that the smaller shops are often forced into the merger route to be competitive.

Because the agency business is beset by change, the loss of a major client—the bread-and-butter account—forces an agency to look into the possibility of a merger. When National Distillers pulled its account out of Kudner three years ago, the action helped set the merger gears rolling.

Kudner's rise, decline, and subsequent merger with Tatham-Laird is an experience that many other agencies know well. In its heyday in the 1950s, Kudner billed more than $70,000,000 a year. Pre-merger clients today account for less than $5,000,000 of the new agency's (Tatham-Laird & Kudner) total billing.

Just as the departure of an important client can lead to a merger, so can the desire for product diversification. An agency with packaged (or consumer) goods experience might want to unite with a shop specializing in industrial advertising.

Agencies sometimes find themselves blocked in product categories, which creates an interest in becoming bigger through merger. An agency with an airline client would normally be ruled out of competition for any form of other

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transportation (railroad, bus, etc.) account.

Though smaller agencies do not have such pleasant problems, the larger shops find themselves with few product categories available for growth. They have to depend on increased billings from existing clients, which certainly is the best route to success.

Consider Leo Burnett Company, which once had Chrysler Corporation's corporate account, then sought Ford Motor Company's corporate account without success last year. When the AC Spark Plug division of General Motors Corporation recently decided to review its advertising program with Detroit-based D. P. Brother & Company (agency for GM's Oldsmobile division, too), Burnett became a contender. Among trade observers, it appeared that Burnett would be assigned the AC account and a foot in the door of Detroit. Even while Burnett was bidding against Brother for the account, the two agencies rekindled merger talks initiated four years ago. The result, earlier this year: Burnett's acquisition of Brother, which still retains its identity. Now Burnett has an auto account—but to get back into the Motor City the agency had to purchase an agency.

Geography also is an important ingredient of agency growth. A small, medium-sized, or even a large agency may have a client that needs greater service in a city away from the agency's home office. "The cost of starting an agency in another city can be high," observes merger-negotiator Rubel. Therefore, an agency may find it more desirable to seek out an agency to buy, or merge with, in the city where the client is located.

Geographical needs also work another way. To be considered national by prospective clients and to build a more solid base for existing ones, the bigger shops have to strengthen their positions. Test marketing today requires broader geographical coverage than ever and an agency with a string of offices can do the best job.

Dancer-Fitzgerald-Sample, with headquarters in New York, and D'Arcy, which has a substantial office in New York as well as one in St. Louis, each acquired a San Francisco agency. D-F-S took over Guild, Bascom & Bonfigli, which was a ripe candidate for a merger following the loss of its $5,000,000 Ralston Chex cereal account—28 per cent of its total agency billing of $18,000,000; D'Arcy absorbed Johnson and Lewis, an agency billing $10,000,000, 70 per cent of which came from one plum, the Bank of America account. Thus, both D-F-S and D'Arcy got a foothold in San Francisco. In similar manner, Campbell-Ewald, MacManus, John & Adams, and the Griswold-Eshleman Company moved into the Chicago market by acquiring agencies there.

Agencies in the Chicago advertising community are constantly being wooed for merger from the outside, particularly by New York shops, who want a Midwest base of operations. Carl Post, president of Post-Keyes-Gardner, who himself has been involved in several mergers, can list twenty-five agencies which have sounded him out about merger since the outset of the year. Nevertheless, there is more merger activity in New York and on the West Coast these days. Competition is so keen for business in New York that some agencies feel they must put on more weight (merge with somebody else) before bidding for that bigger account. Upward of 65 per cent of the national advertising billing still comes out of Madison Avenue.

THE West Coast is a special case. Los Angeles, particularly, is crammed with small shops; the few bigger ones don't have more than $20,000,000 to $25,000,000 billing a year. The result is competition for the smallest of accounts.

Fairfax Cone, co-founder of Foote, Cone & Belding, once commented: "Our inventory goes down the elevator every night." People are the only assets in the advertising business. Mergers have been consummated to acquire key personnel —sometimes one person.

Creative people are the scarcest commodity in the agency field. They are also frequently poor businessmen. A creative man who owns an agency may need to merge with a good administrator, or, vice versa, an agency operated by a good administrator may need creative personnel.

Though these are the major stimuli of agency marriages, there's another one worth noting. Sometimes the principal owner of an agency reaches an age at which he would like to take life easier, even retire. Perhaps he is ill. A merger or sale may be the escape. And sometimes there is no one in the agency who is capable of taking command.

For many agencies, the advantages of merger would appear to outweigh disadvantages. But for some agencies which have found a partner in recent years, it's been tough sledding.

Interpublic's acquisition of Erwin Wasey stunned not only Madison Avenue but the agency's clients, a number of whom learned about the transaction in newspaper reports. According to one source, Carnation, Erwin Wasey's biggest account, was the only client alerted to the deal. Some of Erwin Wasey's clients were so miffed that they eventually pulled their accounts out of the agency. An estimated $17,000,000 in billing left the Chicago office.

As previously noted, Kudner's billings tailed off markedly. Even after its merger with Tatham-Laird, the outflow of accounts could not be halted, including its GM business. Following its mid-1965 merger, its biggest client, General Telephone, is understood to have warned Kudner "to shape up" on the account and to do so in two years. Whether the newly combined agency did isn't known, but the agency no longer has the $12,000,000-a-year General Telephone account. It went a few months ago to Doyle Dane Bernbach.

Needham had its problems of merger digestion, losing a major portion of the Bristol-Myers business handled by Doherty, Clifford, Steers & Shenfield. Some billing has been regained recently, primarily due to the shift of top officials from Chicago to New York to take command.

Too often, in agency consolidations, duties of individuals are not spelled out, generating friction. "When two agencies merge, you obviously can't have two media directors in the new shop," said the president of a small New York agency. "One guy has to be in charge." Another problem in an agency marriage is that of people with divided loyalties, especially if both shops are of the same size. This may lead to interoffice competition, with the result that the agency is not operating as a team.

Deadwood also is a problem that faces merged parties. "When we finally firmed up our merger, we discovered we were inundated with incompetent people," said one New York agency executive. "It took us a year to clean out the deadwood." In some cases, key personnel have been so disappointed with the performance of colleagues acquired through merger that they have left the agency, too.

All mergers require a period of digestion. But, as Rubel points out, this can be shortened by definitive discussions in the courtship period. "You can't consummate a merger in a short time," Rubel says. "If you think so, forget it." Based on his experiences, mergers take at least five and a half months to be worked out.

There are obviously many mergers that have worked out well and quite profitably. It is crucial, however, that both parties understand each other in advance and be honest about competence of personnel, billings, obligations, and objectives.

A word of caution on this point comes from Milt Garfield, president of Garfield-Linn and Company, a Chicago agency: "If you want to get married in the agency business, make sure two plus two equals four; sometimes it only adds up to three."

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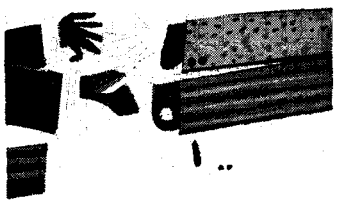
Public Relations



DEW Line for Business

LEGISLATION REGULATING the automobile industry, the pharmaceutical and car insurance businesses, packaging, lending, and environmental health is making corporate managers reflect on the role of business during this period of rising expectations. These laws are only part of the results of business's neglecting the broader aspects of the social climate in which corporations must conduct themselves today.

The lessons are becoming clear, certainly to the wiser business leaders, that public dissatisfaction and the consequent pressures drive legislators to propose and vote for laws which business detests. Many of the businessmen involved now fully understand that the laws to which they object are not the result of the perversity of politicians and exposé journalists but of the actions of business itself. By not heeding the changes in the social structure they have virtually asked for governmental regulation. Nor is the prospect for Congressional action likely to be diminished in the foreseeable future.

Businessmen are learning that when the public demands an end of abuses it is not an anti-business action. The differences between today and the Thirties are marked. In those years there were large sections of the nation opposed to business itself, not simply to what they considered excesses. Today big business is not under attack. What the public wants is to have business behave as the public considers it should, whether it be in automobile safety, or lower prices for prescription drugs, or stopping the pollution of the air and the rivers, or in eliminating misleading packaging, or in hidden interest costs.

Much of the trouble, business has found, is that the nation's mood has often shifted without management's realizing it. As a result, managers have been conducting themselves in an environment of opinion which has undergone sharp changes. There was a time, for instance, when the nation shrugged its shoulders at the heavy toll of death and injury on the highways. Then, in an emotional splurge, submerging the fact that there are three elements in highway safety—the road, the car, and the driver—the entire onus was put on the car. Had the automobile industry been alert to this altered public opinion it might well have made changes itself and so avoided the government regulation with which it is currently troubled.

The same is true of air and water pollution. Industrial pollution was once considered by the public as part of the price of economic development. Today voters insist that industry end the pollution of the nation's streams and air. Nor is the public prepared to accept excuses. It simply demands an end of pollution. And if industry does not act, the public's representatives in Congress will.

Public relations men are at fault in good measure, for they have, with few exceptions, failed to warn their managements of the changing public attitudes. In fact, in some cases, they have closed their eyes to clear warnings of public changes of mood, for warnings can easily be interpreted by management as troublesome, and the warners as nuisances who just do not understand the problems managements face in a highly competitive, profit-oriented society. But these past few years, and the legislation now passed and in the offing, have brought an altered approach by corporate public relations directors of better-run firms. Both they and their managements now are looking for these new currents of change which can so deeply affect industry.

WHAT is badly needed is a distant early warning system, an industrial DEW line, which will alert management to new trends in public thinking, to new desires, to new demands which can affect the successful conduct of business. They all have their impact on business, whether they be changes wrought by the urbanization of America, or by the new awareness by the Negro that American opportunities for quality jobs, housing, and education should be theirs, too. How this distant early warning system can be developed is now being explored by those corporation heads who fully appreciate that the degree to which they adjust to society deeply affects the profits of their companies.

One of the leading managers who is aware of the need for business's alertness to change is Arjay Miller, president of the Ford Motor Company. Beginning with the belief that under current conditions management cannot effectively discharge its long-run responsibilities to stockholders unless it also behaves responsibly toward employees, customers, government, education, and the public at large, he has strong opinions on the need to find out in advance what the corporation's position should be in society rather than to react after events have forced it to. Mr. Miller puts his case this way:

"The corporation must go beyond its traditional role of business enterprise and seek to anticipate, rather than simply react to, social needs or problems. This may require the establishment of a long-range planning function to make sure a firm will be able to respond to what society wants it to do. It may involve not only changed 'product,' but also changed internal organization. This can be its soundest investment in the future—a future in which there will be maximum opportunity for business to grow and prosper within the framework of an orderly and opportunity-oriented society."

If the dynamic of the profit motive is to be preserved so that it can continue to contribute to the public welfare, then corporations will have to accept their social responsibilities. This is the road to the survival of business. Any other can lead to disaster.

—L. L. L. GOLDEN.

WIT TWISTER #24

By ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. A sample, well known among lovers of anagrams:

Good landlord, fill the flowing
— — — —
Until their — — — — run over!
Tonight, we'll — — — — upon
this — — — —;
Tomorrow, — — — — for Dover!

(Answers: *pots, tops, stop, spot, post.*)

•

Now try this Wit Twister:

"Great Spartacus is — — — — —,"
they wept.
"The cruel — — — — — have
torn his flesh."
Like some low — — — — — his
people crept,
Who once had marched courageous,
fresh.

(*Answer on page* 62)

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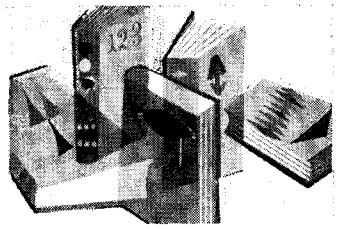
Books
in Communications



Birth Pains of a Book

IN THE LIGHT of all that has followed, it is interesting now to go back to what Jacqueline Kennedy first said to William Manchester: "Are you just going to put down all the facts—who ate what for breakfast and all that—or are you going to put yourself in the book, too?" At the time, Mr. Manchester eagerly agreed to the terms of this directive. Yet what came out three years later was a book that Mrs. Kennedy had not at all foreseen. It is the discrepancy between what she requested and what Manchester delivered, I believe, that accounts for much of the trouble that followed, now documented blow by blow in John Corry's *The Manchester Affair* (Putnam, $4.95).

Manchester, in a way that Mrs. Kennedy could not have expected, did gather up all the who-ate-what-for-breakfast detail in his remarkable reconstruction of those days, November 20-25, 1963, in *The Death of a President*. And he did put himself into the story—displaying an unfortunate tendency toward overdramatization, even self-dramatization. The writing of the book was a tremendous labor and is, undeniably, an enormous achievement; yet somehow he manages to equate it with participation in the agony of the event itself. Manchester's strenuous attempt to put in all the detail —which too often succeeds in lodging the trivial alongside the significant—and his too-evident promotion of the headlong dramatic flow of his narrative unfortunately led directly to the charges of "tasteless and distorted" that seem to have been the heart of Mrs. Kennedy's objections.

A historian friend of mine who has followed the matter with some care has a still more fundamental explanation for the book battle. He believes that in the first months following the assassination the Kennedys may have feared that John F. Kennedy would be forgotten. The young President had not even been allowed to complete his first Administration. A book would preserve the man and the legend. But by the time the Manchester account was finished, the mind of the country had enshrined Kennedy in its memory more faithfully than a book could ever do. The legend had outrun the chronicle, and the chronicle could only detract. Manchester was no longer needed.

As the Corry book demonstrates, the Kennedys are complex people facing extremely intricate problems. Their attitude toward the Manchester manuscript appears to have changed subtly as commercial pressures for its publication built up. This is understandable. As important public figures, the Kennedys find their lives torn in two, and sometimes the private side suffers painfully. We ought to sympathize with our public idols for placing such heavy burdens on them. The assassination was a historical act that will be written about through American history. The Kennedys know this. Yet it was also an event of unthinkable personal horror to them. They feel an animal need to hold it privately, as much as they can, to themselves. Mrs. Kennedy was clearly appalled at the $665,000 price *Look* was paying for serial rights. As Corry suggests, this was not so much that one writer stood to profit so greatly as that anyone should pay so much.

It was precisely when commercialization seemed most threatening that the Kennedy objections to the book came most strongly into the open. When it was time to take out the blue pencil, Manchester's all-inclusive method made repair work doubly hard. As Corry writes: "Many of the objections could not be met by changing a word here and a word there. They demanded major revisions. Even more, they demanded that the author find a new orientation, a new approach to his work."

For that it was too late. Mrs. Kennedy apparently was horrified by Manchester's burning focus on the bloody detail. She missed beneath the event anything resembling the man she longed to honor and preserve. Manchester himself was trapped by the hopeless ambition of his method—to recapture every ticking second of the awful days.

Corry followed the battle of the book as a reporter for *The New York Times*. His book, similarly, is a fascinating, chronological unfolding of the story. Like Manchester, he makes an effort to retrace everyone's steps. In the end the method betrays him as it betrayed Manchester. It does not ask any of the larger questions. It does not illuminate the deeper motivations of the participants. His book, like Manchester's, is simply too close to the event.

Nast's Pen: Political cartoonist Thomas Nast has bequeathed to us some instantly recognizable visual symbols for well known standing institutions: the donkey for the Democratic party, the elephant for the Republican, the tall, top-hatted Uncle Sam, and the smiling, apple-cheeked Santa Claus. Nast didn't invent Santa, but Nast's biographer, J. Chal Vinson, in *Thomas Nast, Political Cartoonist* (University of Georgia Press, $8.50), believes he originated the two political party symbols—and as for Santa, it is bound to be some version of Nast's jolly face that dances in our heads at Christmastime. He covered the Civil War, caricatured Boss Tweed unmercifully, held a whip of black ink over the Tammany tiger (his symbol again), and influenced voters for two decades from Lincoln through Cleveland. Vinson has put together a worthy pictorial autobiography. —STUART W. LITTLE.

"There I was, armed only with my intellect . . ."

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Letters

Continued from page 48

of corporate publications interesting and fair. I definitely agree that a company "serves its own interests most effectively when it serves them least obviously."

JOHN A. MURRAY,
Editor, *The Grace Log*,
W. R. Grace & Co.

New York, N.Y.

WILSON SULLIVAN'S "All in the Family" was interesting. Let me add two other publications in the same category: *Small World* by Volkswagen, and the Chrysler organ on travel.

RUSSELL BURKHARD.

Centerville, Mass.

Mistaken Merger

I SHOULD LIKE to correct a statement made by Mr. Thomas G. Morgansen [LETTERS TO THE COMMUNICATIONS EDITOR, Aug. 12].

Mr. Morgansen mistakenly identified American Telephone & Telegraph Company as considering a merger with the American Broadcasting Company. This is incorrect. It is International Telephone & Telegraph Company which is negotiating with ABC.

Both ITT and AT&T can be confused when reduced to initials. But there is no corporate connection whatsoever between the two.

JAMES M. FREEMAN.
Director of Press Relations,
American Telephone &
Telegraph Company.

New York, N.Y.

Troubled Air

JOHN TEBBEL'S article "Britain's Troubled Air" [*SR*, Aug. 12], did not dwell on the way in which the British commitment to personal, enlightened comment by a broadcaster enlivens the commentary, but this point was especially telling. We have a current example in American broadcasting which demonstrates this phenomenon: the truly refreshing job being done by Danny Blanchflower, who, along with Jack Whitaker, announces the CBS Sunday soccer series.

Mr. Blanchflower's open criticism of team mistakes and umpire misjudgments serves to heighten the viewer's interest in the games covered. Blanchflower is a British ex-soccer star. His insight into the intricacies of this sport, coupled with his wry, ongoing analysis of the game, is a welcome contrast to the usually bland commentary of the "fair play" ethic of American sports broadcasting.

A bit of objective criticism on the part of the broadcaster is well received. The viewing and listening public in this country is becoming too sophisticated and demanding to accept mere pap.

SCOT LITKE.

Littleton, N.H.

I ENJOYED reading John Tebbel's article "Britain's Troubled Air." Stereo FM broadcasting, at least in the Southeastern United States, might be said to be in the same primitive state as in Britain. However, the "wall-to-wall" light music stations are far more common than the "serious" ones. Here in Augusta, Georgia, we are going to get two new FM stations in the near future and both will be of the "wall-to-wall" variety. The only way at present that we can get FM stereo is to tune in Greenville, Spartanburg, Columbia, and Charleston in South Carolina, or Savannah in Georgia.

W. R. GARRETT.

Augusta, Ga.

Another Canal Chronicle

ALTHOUGH Margaret Weiss's article on the Erie Canal Sesquicentennial exhibition [*SR*, Aug. 12] was, as entitled, "Lens on the Locks," I wish to call attention to another great historical record of the construction of the Erie Canal—Eugene O'Neill's *Ah, Wilderness.*

When I was only twelve, I had to coax my mother and friends into taking me to five or six performances of the play. This story about the history of the Erie Canal left a deep and happy memory, and I can still see and hear the canal workers around the evening fires singing the folk songs about "fifteen years on the Erie Canal."

J. ARROWSMITH.

Gainesville, Fla.

The Breslin Bite

IN HIS article, "Breslin at Bat" [BOOKS IN COMMUNICATIONS, Aug. 12], Stuart Little quotes Jimmy Breslin on Richard Nixon ("A smile came on Nixon's face. The smile was made of poured concrete.") with the statement that that was as harsh as Breslin could be (as if Breslin were merely a gentle nipper at the flanks of the body politic).

For an example of Breslin's deeper bite, I refer Mr. Little to the November 6, 1966, *World Journal Tribune* article, "I Am Worried for Ronald"—an account of Breslin's watching a TV rerun of the movie, *The Winning Team*, starring Ronald Reagan. Here's the last paragraph of that article:

> Ronald throws three balls to Lazzeri. Then strike two. Then strike three. He strikes out Tony Lazzeri with the bases loaded to end the inning and it breaks the Yankees' backs. Ronald Reagan, with that earnest look, has done the biggest thing of all. Doris Day is in the box seat and he looks at her and she looks at him and they both make cow eyes and Doris Day makes bigger cow eyes while the violins play "You May Not Be An Angel," and after it the crowd is roaring and it is the greatest thing I ever saw in the movies. This is America, my America, and I am in love with it. Ronald has struck out Tony Lazzeri and now Ronald can run for President of the United States!

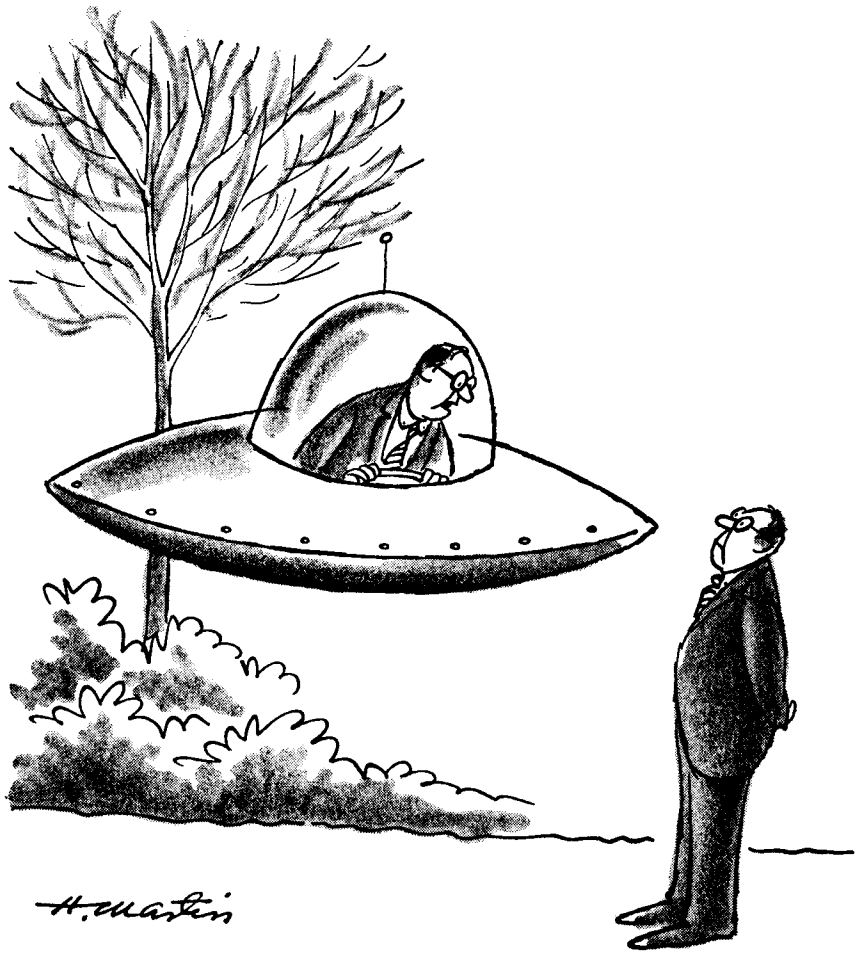
BILL SCOTT.

Tujunga, Calif.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: pane, ape, mare, male, lode, pace, stare, cane, due, sole, salute, fare.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 60; slain, nails, snail.



"Well, just what did you expect a Martian to look like?"

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Reporter's Memoir

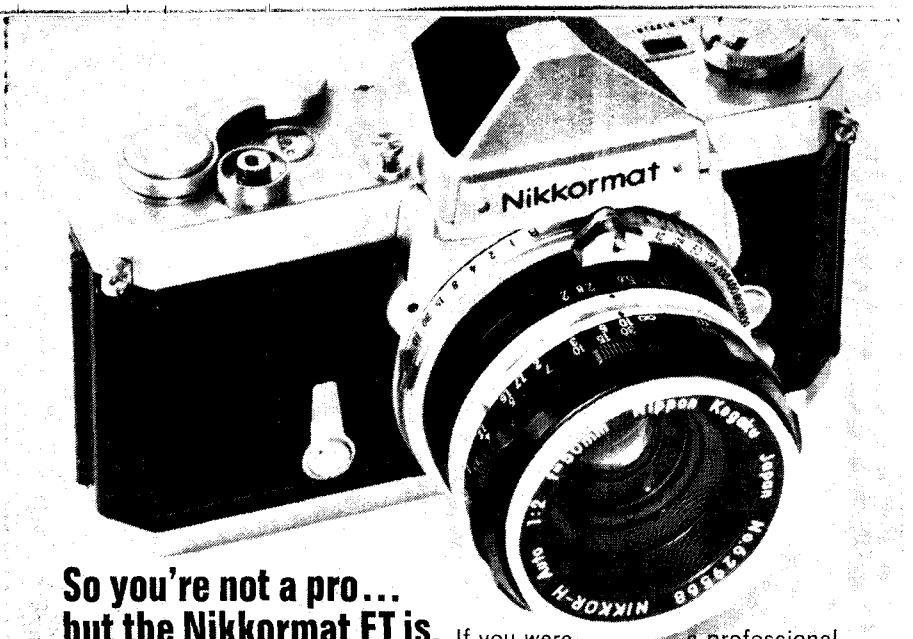
Continued from page 53

Nobody has the right to vote anybody out of office, much less in, and there is so much slow, sloppy, and untimely street construction and repair that the old saying perfectly fits: "It'll be a great city if they ever get it finished." Old landmarks go under here as they do elsewhere—the house where Woodrow Wilson married Mrs. Galt got the wrecking ball a year or so ago, and only the Kennedys saved part of Lafayette Square opposite the White House from becoming a concrete canyon; two sides of Farragut Square have been completely rebuilt while I have watched from my office window, and what they have done to Capitol Hill in a decade ought to be a federal crime.

In the summer the Potomac is apt to smell, and any time, as Bobby Kennedy said of New York's East River, if you fall in, you don't drown; you dissolve. In winter the streets are either glassy or slushy and snow removal is hopeless. When I lived on R Street, hard-packed snow stayed on the pavement for six weeks after the Kennedy Inaugural blizzard.

But all of this is not really the Washington I first saw that brilliant morning thirty years ago when I came out of Union Station to the edge of the great plaza, holding my father's hand, and stood stricken in the giddy light, dumb with wonder and belief.

THIS is not merely because the surface of the city is so much altered from the miracle place of my boyhood. The trolleys are gone now, and I don't suppose tourist families stay in rooming houses on Capitol Hill any more. The Smithsonian has a massive new building. John Kennedy lies at Arlington with the Unknown Soldier. They have restored Ford's Theatre to look like a theater, and everyone drives down to Mount Vernon on a four-lane highway. There is a cheap new façade on the Capitol, and Harry Truman put a balcony on the White House; Mrs. Kennedy filled its public rooms with antiques, and Lyndon Johnson filled its private offices with Dallas modern and piped-in Muzak. Union Station is cavernous and gloomy now, and the last time I was there the fountain where the children played was dry and full of dead leaves. Jimmy Hoffa's marble temple for the Teamsters' Union stands along the plaza where one of those elegant hotels did, and the rest of them are no longer elegant, if they ever were. Now the great entrance to the city—the most beautiful entrance in the world, I think—is the long ride in from Dulles International Airport, along the Potomac on the George Washington Parkway, with the



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spires of Georgetown University rising across the river and the Washington Monument shining in the distance.

That is not, of course, real change, and neither is the relatively new Jefferson Memorial on the Tidal Basin or the Theodore Roosevelt Bridge or even the monstrously ugly third House Office Building. (There always has been a touch of the grotesque about Washington—the old Smithsonian, for instance—and perhaps in time even this crouching eyesore on Capitol Hill will seem, like others, at home in the city.) No, the essential Washington is just what it was thirty years ago, and more, having survived architects, engineers, politicians, bureaucrats, demonstrators, and urban planners. It is just what it was because Americans still weep in the Lincoln Memorial and small boys still stand in awe in front of George Washington's tomb and troop happily through the old cars at the Smithsonian and dream their secret dreams at the FBI and burst with pride when they first see the nation's Capitol. Parents still bring their children here and show them the Declaration of Independence under glass and listen to the tour guide's spiel in front of the Supreme Court and take pictures of the statue of Albert Gallatin in front of the Treasury.

Perhaps few of them know who Gallatin was, or care, but the meanest of them know he was part of something, and they are part of it, too. I have seen fat women in ridiculously tight shorts walking carefully around Statuary Hall in the Capitol, peering closely at banal bronze figures of men so obscure even historians would have to look them up, and high school kids wearing Confederate caps and popping gum line up for blocks to take a quick walk through the White House. They are part of the same thing: secret sharers, bearers of a seed.

But not merely sharers of the showplace, the museum, the history lesson. Behind those façades, those bronze doors, down this echoing corridor, the collective work of a people is in progress. The President really is at his desk in that great house on Pennsylvania Avenue, making his way like the rest of us, enduring his trials, doing his best. Those men down there on the floor of the Senate and the House, those small posturers glimpsed from the crowded galleries, really are representing us, really are trying to make our case, whatever it is. And there behind the great stone faces of the Commerce Department and the Justice Department and the Federal Trade Commission and the Pentagon and the State Department our business is going forward, or maybe backward, but going somewhere, getting done. We are at the heart of the matter here. Washington's business is the people's business, for better or for worse.

THAT is what Washington really is and what we all share—the place where the past has produced this present, and this present will go on to whatever future, carrying us all with it, influenced by each of us as we must be by it. It is what we have made of things, and shall make. It is where America lives—all of us in spirit if only a few in fact, in our vigor and our dreams, our carelessness and haste, our glory and our burden, our borrowed finery from another world that gave us birth, our native grace, our coarse pretension. It is all here—what we remember, what we hope; what we are and what we ought to be—in this city of the strong but chastened heart.

I did not know, that morning all those years ago, that carved above me in the patient stone of Union Station I could find the truth about Washington:

HE WHO WOULD BRING HOME THE WEALTH OF THE INDIES MUST CARRY THE WEALTH OF THE INDIES WITH HIM.

I did not know the words, but I found that truth anyway. Americans must bring Washington here in their hearts, if they would carry it with them when they go.

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World of Dance

Continued from page 43

his own magic, earthy rather than celestial—but let us not forget that we were witnessing a "diversion" of angels.

The audience shouted itself hoarse not only for this glowing Graham excursion into the spheres of heaven but also for a superb performance of another Graham classic, *Appalachian Spring*, in which Ethel Winter was the Bride (a part created by Graham herself) and Robert Cohan was the Husbandman. The almost brand new *Dancing-Ground*, with Mr. Powell giving another blazing performance, also won cheers.

There wasn't much to cheer about with *Psalm*, a new work by another veteran of the American Dance Festival, José Limón. I shall not burden you with the details of a piece which seemed endless, which was repetitious, and which was filled with all manner of clichés, as it tried hopelessly to relate, in irony, religious words of praise to the torments of concentration camps. Drab it was, and what was worse, hollow and unmoving. Only Falco's extraordinary prowess relieved its dullness. But, Limón's most famous dance, *The Moor's Pavane*, a terse and enormously powerful distillation of the *Othello* theme, was present to make amends for the preceding disaster.

* * *

NEW LONDON, LEE, MASS. however, didn't have a corner on perfection with its *Diversion of Angels*. For the ninth week of the Jacob's Pillow Dance Festival, the ballet star was Violette Verdy, French-born ballerina of the New York City Ballet. (Even if the New York City Ballet does not list anyone as a ballerina, Verdy is one, and no doubt about it.) She, too, was cheered by audiences who responded to her touching portrayal of a fairy creature destroyed by mortal love in the duet from Bourmeister's *Snow Maiden*, and her sparkling, bravura-packed performance in *Grand Pas de Deux Classique*, choreographed to music of Minkus by Michael Maule.

Maule, the choreographer, doubled as Miss Verdy's partner. He gave her stalwart, polished, and gallant support as a true cavalier should, and he danced his own measures excellently.

As the audience shed a tear with Verdy as she melted away with the ardor of human love in the Tchaikovsky *Snow Maiden*, as they smiled with her smiles in *Grand Pas*, and as they reacted to her lilting musicality, Ted Shawn, the founder-director of Jacob's Pillow, summed up the multiple sighs of devotion and admiration succinctly. He simply murmured, *"Vive la France!"*

—WALTER TERRY.

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EDITORIAL—Leading publication in advertising and marketing field, NYC, has opening for topnotch reporter-writer. Starting salary $7,500 year. Box SR 1177, 125 West 41st Street, New York 10036.

CAMBRIDGE PROFESSOR'S WIDOW, active at 93, seeks live-in companion. Two maids employed. Only greater Boston residents need apply. Box D-608.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

GREAT NECK ESTATES—Unusual dignified large home, paneled dining room. Quiet area, pool, tennis and dock privileges. Suitable combination home and doctor's office with private entrance, plus income producing cottage which pays for taxes. Walking distance RR station. Box 489, Great Neck, New York.

CULTURAL OJAI, CALIFORNIA—⅓ acre home, commercial potential. Write 3682 Maple, Ventura 93003.

NEAR SCHOOLS and hospitals. View of Catskills. 6 rooms, 1½ baths. Fireplace. Screened porch. Landscaped, fenced-in yard. Attached two-car garage. Phone, Rhinebeck, N.Y. 914-TR 6-3666 after 7 p.m.

MOVING TO CLEVELAND? Learn the advantages of The Shaker Communities—stable, integrated neighborhoods in a city where 95% of high school graduates go to college. Less than 20 minutes from University Circle educational-cultural complex and downtown. Fine recreational facilities. Modern homes, $20,000-$35,000. THE SHAKER COMMUNITIES, 16800 Chagrin Boulevard, Shaker Heights, Ohio 44120. 216-752-5000.

WATERFRONT, MASSAPEQUA, L.I., 336' half circle on 2 canals, 500 yards from Great South Bay. Over half acre superbly landscaped on dead end street for ultimate in privacy. 11 rooms all facing water. A bargain at $52,500. Phone 516-541-3159.

HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Rent

OWNER of a charming old Spanish adobe ranch house in the village of Sapello, New Mexico, will modernize for suitable tenant. Splendid year round climate. More than three hundred days of sunshine per year. Thirteen miles from Las Vegas, a university town. Ideal retirement home. Box D-388.

POTOMAC, MARYLAND (16 miles from Washington, D.C.). Charming 1 bedroom air-conditioned house, large living room, kitchen, all utilities, fireplaces, terrace. This chalet-like gem of a house is part of an 11 acre "farm," which tenants also have the privilege of enjoying. 301-GA 4-6122, Mrs. Miller.

For Rent—Furnished

FULLY FURNISHED HISTORIC HOUSE. Randolph Center, central to 12 ski areas. Electric baseboard heat throughout; complete linen and silver. 6 bedrooms, 2 baths. Sleeps 15. $300 a month. December only, $400. Reference required. Parker, Gunston Hall, Lorton, Virginia 22079.

LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA—Spacious Hollywood home available October, year lease. Call 213-464-1523.

HOT SPRINGS, VIRGINIA, new cottages overlooking lake and mountains. Private estate with air field, trout, bass fishing, deer, bear, grouse and turkey hunting, Skiing, skating, swimming, tennis, golf and riding at nearby world-famous Homestead Resort Hotel. Call or write for brochure: Clinton M. Hester, Shoreham Building, Washington, D.C. 202-347-2836; 703-536-4234.

FALL FOLIAGE, WINTER SKIING. Vermont farmhouse, very attractively remodeled. 4 bedrooms, dishwasher. Gorgeous views. Near Magic, Bromley, Stratton. Autumn: $100 week. Ski season (4 months): $2,000. Write Box D-340, or call 802-824-6651 or 203-655-9072.

MONTEGO BAY, JAMAICA—Picturesque oceanfront villa, suitable 5 people. Servants, private beach, near golf, fishing. Available weekly, monthly. SR Box D-251.

TEPOZTLAN, MEXICO—rent new tastefully furnished home. Paula Oppenheim, Xicotencatl 7, Mexico 21, D.F.

VERMONT DWELLING, private pond—Scenic, quiet. $75 weekly. 802-874-5871. Box D-611.

For Winter Rental

VERMONT FARMHOUSE for winter rental. December 15th-April 15th. Beds for 25. Box 637, Brattleboro, Vermont 05301.

SKI KILLINGTON—minutes to slopes. Large modern furnished "A" frame. Weekly, monthly or full season. Contact Mitchell, 212-CI 6-4352, write Box D-399.

HOUSE WANTED

Furnished

RUSTIC FURNISHED HOUSE for two, vicinity Chester, Vermont. October, November. Box D-616.

APARTMENTS AVAILABLE

For Rent

Furnished/Unfurnished

ITHACA, N.Y. Walk to Cornell campus for swimming, tennis, lectures, concerts. Fairview Heights . . . a new environment for living designed by Marcel Breuer. Write to Fairview Associates, 100 Fairview Square, Ithaca, N.Y., or call Mr. Sullivan, 607-AR 2-3420.

For Rent—Furnished

WASHINGTON, D.C. sublet. Especially beautiful 6 rooms and bath in most desirable residential area. Completely and expensively furnished. For one year from October or November 1st. Very low rental. SR Box D-264.

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PROPERTY FOR SALE

EXPO VISITORS: Explore Northern Vermont's splendor for vacation homesites, timberland for investment. Free brochure. Write Box C-120.

WOODED ACREAGE—$25 per acre and up—old farms—inland shore property—cottages—cabins in the woods—lake frontage—retirement homes—business opportunities. Franklin Realty Co. (Mr. Barrows), Farmington, Maine. Tel: 207-778-2852.

ONE ACRE LOTS IN HAWAII. Finest investment opportunity. Easy driving jet airport. On coast. Beautiful year round climate. 7,000 parcels sold worldwide. Last increment now available. Write for full particulars. Not available to California residents. Write SR Box C-819.

BRATTLEBORO, VERMONT Grocery Store with apartment, oil heat, air-conditioning, thickly settled community. Ideal for retirement or young couple desiring to live in southern Vermont. $16,000. Walker Real Estate, RFD 2, West Brattleboro, Vermont 05301.

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TALENT DEVELOPMENT OUR SPECIALTY: Music, Dance, Drama, Creative Writing, Fine Arts, Sports. Coed 6-16. Appel Farm Art & Music Center, Elmer 23, New Jersey 08318.

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ALL YOUR RETIREMENT NEEDS in one place! Crestview Club Apartments . . . most complete apartment-type building in the eastern United States. Located in suburban, residential Toledo, Ohio. Good companions, good food, good surroundings, good health care . . . near shopping . . . public transportation. Attractively landscaped, 80 acres, 9-hole golf course, gardens. Come and go as you please. And now . . . Lake Park Nursing Care Center, providing extensive health care for the convalescent patient. Life lease and monthly fee plans available. For complete information, write Director Crestview Club Apartments, 5330 Harroun Road, Sylvania, Ohio 43560.

GROW OLD along with us on beautiful Corpus Christi Bay. Ideal climate, location, retirement living. Room, board unbelievably reasonable. Nueces Retirement & Health Club, Nueces Hotel, Corpus Christi, Texas 78401.

VACATIONS

PANORAMIC HILLTOP VIEW, quality housekeeping units, jeep. Estate Beth Cruz Resort Hotel, St. John, Virgin Islands, U.S.A. 00830.

TIRED? Come to the tropical, fully modern, Matecumbe Resort Motel, Florida Keys. Box 203B, Islamorada, Florida.

BERKSHIRES IN LIVING COLOR—Secluded cottages with fireplaces, restaurant. Fales Motel, Williamstown, Massachusetts 01267.

WHALER'S INNE, Mystic, Connecticut—Charming Victorian hostelry in middle of historic Mystic, 1 mile from famous Mystic Seaport restoration. Doubles $12-$14. E. P. Write or phone 203-536-1506.

"A SOUTHERN VERMONT VACATION GUIDE." Write for free summer, fall booklet to: Valley of the Inns, Box E, Wilmington, Vermont 05363.

SUMMER LINGERS LONGER on romantic Nantucket Island, 30 miles at sea. One hour by air from New York. In September swimming in 70° water, fishing, your favorite sports . . . interesting historic areas, low pollen count. Modern inns, guest houses. Excellent restaurants. Free illustrated booklet. Information Service, 25D Federal Street, Nantucket, Massachusetts 02554.

VERMONT LODGE—Three apartments, studio to 4 bedrooms, Thermopane vacation headquarters, near Mt. Snow and everything. Box C-603.

FOLIAGE TIME IN MAINE for a wonderful September vacation! Attractive, secluded and unusually equipped housekeeping cottages on magnificent Moosehead Lake. Low fall rates. Brochure. The Cottages, Greenville, Maine. Tel. 207-695-2422.

FLORIDA KEYS—ISLAMORADA. Box 222R, Drop Anchor Resort Motel. AAA. Relaxed oceanfront tropical living. Efficiencies. Pool. Brochure.

HERITAGE HILL INN, Holland, Massachusetts. Hills, lakes! snug beds; food aplenty. Brochure. Telephone: 413-245-7728. Write: Sturbridge, Massachusetts 01566.

THE SEASIDE, on unspoiled Longboat Key, Florida 33577. New year 'round family resort on private Gulf beach. Folder, rates upon request.

SAN FRANCISCO ON A BUDGET? Charming, centrally located. Hotel Beresford, 635 Sutter Street.

VACATIONS

SAN JUAN, PUERTO RICO. The Duffys' by the Sea, a tropical guest house where convivial people sometimes solve world problems—but more often forget them. Excellent beach. Sympathique bar. Reasonable. Box 12232, Loiza Station.

VISIT PLYMOUTH ROCK and other famous historic spots in "America's Home Town." Indian Summer days are ideal here. Fishing. Golf. For illustrated color folder write Dept. 12, Plymouth Area Chamber of Commerce, Plymouth, Massachusetts 02360.

GURNEY'S INN . . . For the fortunate few who can afford the very best. Write for brochure. Dept. 1, Gurney's Inn on the brink o' the beach, Montauk, L.I. 516-MO 8-2345. Open all year. Keepers of the Inn, Joyce and Nick Monte.

COME EARLY TO TUCSON before heavily booked season begins. Near the University. Charming rooms and patios; excellent food. American Plan. $13 to $17 a day. CHRISTOPHER SQUARE INN, 1035 East Mabel Street, Tucson, Arizona.

OCEANFRONT VACATION in relaxed atmosphere. Rooms in Inn and Cottages. Unexcelled meals. Open until October 15th. Brochure. Roger S. Cameron, Seaward Inn, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

FALL FOLIAGE! TOPNOTCH INN, Stowe, Vermont. On the EXPO route. Moderate rates. Clublike atmosphere. Candlelight dining. Private 18-hole golf privileges. Tennis and pro, sauna, pool. Riding nearby. Antique-hunting country, scenic drives. Write: Dept SR: BROCHURE. For reservations, Telephone 802-253-7355.

THE LIVING WEST—There are people who could find it boring. A certain kind of person, however, would like to leave the hokum behind. He is looking for us and we are looking for him. Richardson Hereford Ranch, Box 191A, Crawford, Nebraska 69339. Telephone: 111M1.

AUTUMN ON LAKE MICHIGAN an explosion of color. Sun-warmed days, crisp evenings. Deserted sand beach, heated pool, tennis courts. Bicycling, horseback, golf. Lodge, chalets, apartments, cottages. Fall rates through Thanksgiving. Sleepy Hollow, South Haven, Michigan 49090. Telephone 616-637-1127.

THE YODLER—Fine food, fall foliage, EXPO route. Stowe, Vermont 05672.

THORN HILL LODGE. Charming country inn on quiet road overlooking scenic mountain resort village. Magnificent views, lawn sports, $65 up weekly, including meals. D. Darville, Jackson, N.H. 03846.

SOUTHERN VERMONT—Take a country lane up our picturebook hill and discover The North Wind, serene, secluded, hilltop-high. Superior accommodations, imaginative cuisine, relaxed atmosphere. Heated pool, tennis, riding, golf, and a colorful rustic view from a quiet terrace. From $70 weekly, $13 daily, full American Plan. Rental Chalet Apartment. Brochure. The North Wind, Wilmington, Vermont. 802-464-5416.

LIGHTHOUSE INN. 52 room jewel box of an inn, in parklike setting, private ocean beach. The personification of quiet elegance at most modest tariffs. E. P. Write for Brochure S, New London, Connecticut.

PARADOR MARTORELL—Inn by the beach. Family atmosphere with 3 meals. Box 435, Luquillo, Puerto Rico 00673.

BREATHTAKING FALL FOLIAGE. Home of "The Sound of Music"! On the EXPO route. Trapp Family Lodge, Stowe 40, Vermont. Meet Baroness Von Trapp, the real-life Maria. Spectacular mountain scenery. Charming old world atmosphere. Authentic Austrian and American cuisine, pastries. Patioed coffee house, gift shop. Heated pool, riding. Golf, tennis nearby. Write BROCHURE. Reservations advised. Tel. 802-253-7545.

QUIET, ELM SHADED location near ocean, art galleries, shops, wharves. Small inn and motel with or without meals. Open through November. Tuck Inn Lodge, Dept. 2, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

BEAUTIFUL BERMUDA! 2 to 4 bedroom seaside cottages fully equipped available daily, weekly, monthly. $125 per week up. L.P. Gutteridge, Bermuda. Specialists in Vacation Homes.

HOTEL PLAYA MAZATLAN. Beautiful, safe, tropical beach, quiet resort, best international cuisine and service. Summer rates. Write for information to Hotel Playa Mazatlan, Apartado 207, Mazatlan, Sinaloa, Mexico.

WINDHAM HILL FARM—Quiet country inn—good food. Folder. West Townshend, Vermont 05359.

INCREASE AWARENESS, GAIN PERSPECTIVE, rest, recuperate. Beautiful estate facilities: lodging, nutritious meals, pool. Program: Relax-Rebound, Art Exploration, Counseling, Meditation. Evarts Loomis, M.D., "Meadowlark," Fairview, Hemet, California 92343.

LIKE A CRUISE on the ocean with none of the motion. A small, luxurious, quiet, oceanfront inn. Colorful foliage. Delicious meals. No liquor. Open now to November. AAA, Mobil Guide. Yankee Clipper, Rockport, Massachusetts 01966.

VACATIONS

RIDING HOLIDAY IN MEXICO at the Escuela Ecuestre SMA! Make the fall or winter scene at this international riding center . . . Mexican cavalry officer instructors, superbly schooled horses, intensive three hour daily course (in English), except Sunday, in dressage, cross country riding, jumping. Bonus of magnificent climate, luxurious hotel, lavish meals, charming colonial town . . . all for $140 per person per week. No wonder riders from beginners to professionals attend—from Canada, U.S., Peru, Venezuela, Ecuador, Germany, England and Philippines. Write Director Harold Black, Apdo. 185 S, San Miguel de Allende, Gto., Mexico, or call 2-02-55. U.S. representative in NYC, Adventures Unlimited, Abercrombie & Fitch.

DON'T GET ULCERS from mountain climbing over molehills. Come to the HOTEL BEACHCOMBER in Antigua and relax in the sun.

AUTUMN IS SPECTACULAR from our hilltop. Excellent food, fine lodgings. Tennis, golf, swimming, sailing, antiquing. Dexter's, Stagecoach Road, Sunapee, New Hampshire. Telephone 603-763-5571.

TRAVEL

ARCHAEOLOGICAL INSTITUTE OF AMERICA—Fall and winter tours to East Africa. Antiquity and game watching. Brochure: All World Tours, 303 Fifth Avenue, New York 10016.

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WORLDWIDE FREIGHTER GUIDE—$1.25. Rates, schedules. 700 passenger carrying Freighters. TravLtips, 40-21ZAH Bell, Bayside, N.Y. 11361.

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CHRISTMAS IN MEXICO—Nontourist vacation, study, enjoyment. Live with Mexican family. Limited. Carolyn Nugent, P.O. Box 2005, Corpus Christi, Texas 78403.

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BASKETVILLE—World's Largest Basket Stores. In Vermont—Putney (Rt. 5), Manchester (Rt. 7), Florida (Rt. 41). Outstanding selection: baskets, bucketware, woodenware, artificial flowers, foliage. Imported, domestic. Folder.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1744

Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Something that follows *from an antecedent cause.*	142 79 149 12 116 88
B. To oneself.	3 76 14 171 153 10 160 189
C. American theatre critic and teacher (1852-1929) for whom a Dramatic Museum at Columbia was named.	113 181 67 31 8 110 78 6
D. English economist (1776-1834), whose best-known doctrine has had ever-increasing importance for mankind.	133 186 17 146 38 150 112
E. "One that loved not wisely but too well."	117 30 68 145 188 34 36
F. Direction of the wind when Hamlet knew a hawk from a handsaw.	169 120 184 45 180 90 52 159 18
G. Direction of the wind when Hamlet knew a hawk from a handsaw.	41 158 152 179 83 104 132 65 164
H. An English cheese similar to cheddar.	190 195 147 182 77 43 122 105 185
I. A low evergreen European shrub. (2 wds.)	71 24 5 183 47 170 51 29 82 138
J. Loosely, the wrong type. (3 wds.; familiar, but not in WNI as a phrase).	140 86 154 196 73 84 4 114 50 46
K. After word M, 2 words preceding *stones* (Thomas Noel, *The Pauper's Drive*).	121 62 144 128 37 130 32
L. Humbug.	72 107 118 102
M. 2 words preceding *bones* followed by word K.	93 64 100 1 187 39 191 148 178

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
N. Interjection of encouragement.	61 74 42 95 172 57 55
O. Wife of word E.	56 194 162 161 9 126 23 176 198
P. Small isolated mass.	98 106 25 156 7
Q. What Emily thought the moonlight was in *Our Town.*	27 94 87 16 168 119 66 48
R. "Omitted, all the voyage of their life is bound in _____ and in miseries" (Julius Caesar).	35 155 163 136 54 127 85 81
S. Detective.	91 175 157 115 167 60 101 143
T. U. S. President; N. Y. discotheque.	44 193 59 2 97 11
U. Baked goods.	108 139 197 177 40 49
V. Ahab's craft.	109 21 96 135 125 89
W. Some time ago. (archaic).	129 111 192 22 20 165 53 151
X. Cleared.	58 63 19 199 99 26
Y. "Vaulting ambition, which o'erleaps _____" (*Macbeth*).	173 166 123 69 33 134
Z. Swimmer.	124 141 137 131 103 15 80
Z_1. Infer.	13 75 174 28 92 70

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram . . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning . . . Black squares indicate ends of words: if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second and Third Editions.

			1 M	2 T	3 B	4 J		5 I	6 C		7 P	8 C	9 O		10 B	11 T	12 A
13 Z^1		14 B	15 Z	16 Q	17 D	18 F		19 X	20 W	21 V		22 W	23 O	24 I	25 P	26 X	
27 Q	28 Z^1	29 I	30 E		31 C	32 K	33 Y	34 E	35 R		36 E	37 K	38 D	39 M	40 U	41 G	
42 N	43 H	44 T	45 F		46 J	47 I	48 Q	49 U		50 J	51 I	52 F	53 W	54 R	55 N		56 O
57 N	58 X	59 T		60 S	61 N	62 K	63 X		64 M	65 G	66 Q		67 C	68 E	69 Y		70 Z^1
71 I	72 L	73 J	74 N		75 Z^1	76 B	77 H	78 C	79 A	80 Z	81 R		82 I	83 G	84 J		85 R
86 J	87 Q	88 A	89 V		90 F	91 S	92 Z^1	93 M	94 Q		95 N		96 V	97 T	98 P	99 X	100 M
	101 S	102 L	103 Z	104 G	105 H		106 P	107 L	108 U	109 V	110 C	111 W		112 D	113 C	114 J	115 S
116 A		117 E	118 L		119 Q	120 F	121 K		122 H	123 Y		124 Z	125 V		126 O	127 R	128 K
129 W		130 K	131 Z	132 G	133 D	134 Y	135 V	136 R		137 Z	138 I	139 U	140 J		141 Z		142 A
143 S	144 K	145 E	146 D		147 H	148 M	149 A	150 D	151 W	152 G	153 B		154 J	155 R	156 P		157 S
158 G	159 F	160 B	161 O		162 O	163 R	164 G		165 W	166 Y	167 S		168 Q	169 F	170 I	171 B	172 N
173 Y	174 Z^1	175 S	176 O	177 U	178 M		179 G	180 F	181 C	182 H	183 I		184 F	185 H	186 D	187 M	188 E
189 B		190 H	191 M	192 W	193 T	194 O		195 H	196 J	197 U		198 O	199 X				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 14 of this issue.

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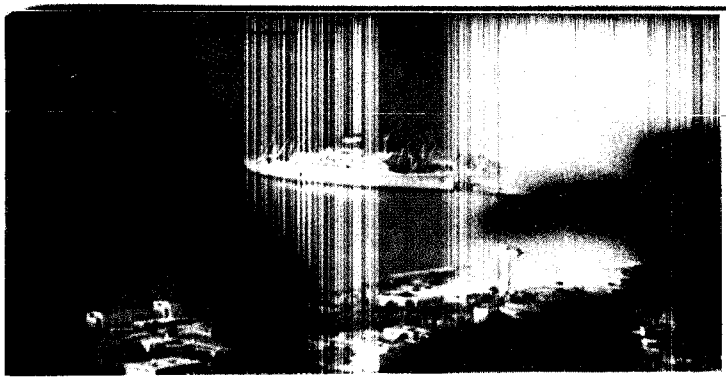

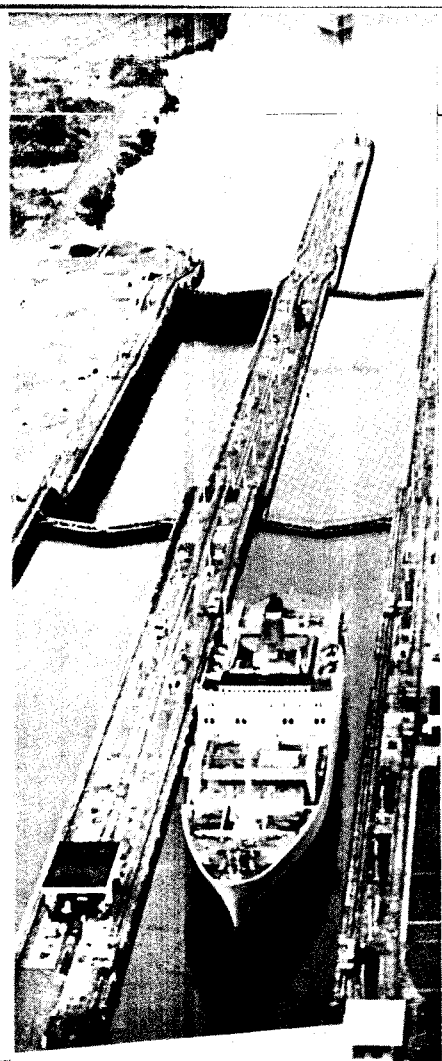

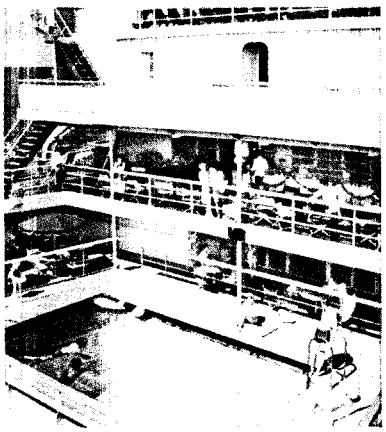

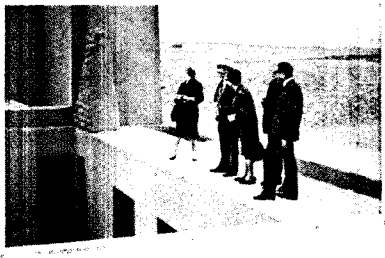

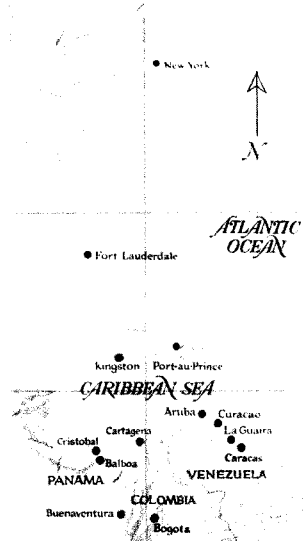

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